# New Statesman

## The Week-end Review

VOL. LVII · No. 1456 SATURDAY · 7 FEBRUARY 1959 NINEPENCE


Mr Butler's Landmark
by C. H. Rolph

★

Labour and Trade
by T. Balogh

★

Havelock Ellis
by Maurice Richardson


**Comments on the Week's News** .. 174
**The Paris-Bonn Axis** .. .. .. 177
**Labour and Trade.** Thomas Balogh .. 177
**London Diary.** Critic .. .. .. 179
**This England** .. .. .. .. 180
**Mr Butler's Landmark.** C. H. Rolph.. 180
**Legality in Ghana.** Basil Davidson .. 180
**The Speleologist from Space.** Anthony Carson 182

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

**Model Parliament.** Reyner Banham .. 184
**Rare and Common.** A. Alvarez .. 186
**Me Too.** John Berger .. .. .. 186
**Worth Doing, Well Done.** William Whitebait 187
**Learning to Look.** Tom Driberg .. 188
**Quartet and Opera.** William Glock .. 188

CORRESPONDENCE

Sir F. Messer MP and others, B. W. Dale, Dominic Gill and Daniel Elwyn-Jones, John E. Dale, T. Balogh, Austin Underwood, R. H. S. Crossman MP, Robert Pitman, Jacquetta Priestley, Ethel Mannin, Walter Bunbury, John W. Wheeler-Bennett .. .. .. .. 189

**Books in General:**
**The Anomalous Havelock Ellis.** Maurice Richardson 191
**Icicle Quartette.** Brian Hill .. .. 192
**Marooned.** Chris Wallace-Crabbe .. 192

REVIEWS

**Shakespeare Q.E.D.** V. S. Pritchett .. 192
**We Have Been Warned.** Mervyn Stockwood 193
**Uh-huh, Fugaces.** Richard Mayne .. 194
**An Undiminished Voice.** Naomi Lewis 194
**MP for Self.** J. P. W. Mallalieu .. 196
**New Novels.** James Mitchell .. .. 196
**Symptom of Disease.** A. MacIntyre .. 197
**Rare Chekhov!** G. W. Stonier .. 197
**Week-end Competitions** .. .. 198
**City Lights.** Taurus .. .. .. 200


© *The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd* 1959

# Agenda for Moscow

DISAGREEMENTS between the western allies on how to handle the Berlin problem are now coming out into the open. At one end of the spectrum stands Dr Adenauer: he believes that no recognition whatsoever should be accorded to the East German authorities. In this rigid attitude he appears to have the full support of General de Gaulle, not on the merits of the case, but because France has concluded an unofficial agreement to give him diplomatic backing in return for German underwriting of the Common Market.

At the other end stands Mr Macmillan. For reasons both diplomatic and electoral, he is anxious to avoid a showdown. He is therefore opposed to any physical response on Berlin – other than an airlift – and would if necessary be prepared to work with the East Germans on a *de facto* basis. Moreover, he believes that these drastic alternatives can be avoided by high-level discussions with the Russian leaders. He approves of the idea of an April East-West meeting, at foreign minister, if not higher, level; and would like to take advantage of Mr Krushchev's renewed invitation to visit Moscow to prepare the way for it. While holding no firm views on disengagement, he regards this as a possible area for compromise.

Somewhere between these two positions stands Mr Dulles. It was evident at the December Nato meeting that he did not see entirely eye to eye with Dr Adenauer. Since then, a number of factors have sharpened their disagreement. Mr Mikoyan's visit revealed the wide gap between the State Department and American public opinion on the attitude to adopt towards Soviet offers to ease the Cold War; and Mr Dulles's difficulties have been further increased by the appointment of the strongly progressive Senator Fulbright to be chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. In addition, the Administration is under growing pressure from the Democratic majority, and from an influential section of the Pentagon, to increase defence spending. The present level, to which President Eisenhower is heavily and personally committed, can clearly more easily be defended if there is a relaxation in international tension.

Mr Dulles's problem is how to secure this without antagonising Dr Adenauer or surrendering any of his basic positions; his change of attitude is thus tactical and relative rather than fundamental. Mr Macmillan's task is, or should be, to exploit Mr Dulles's temporary weakness and secure genuine US backing for more flexibility in Germany. Ever since Sir Anthony Eden put forward his 'Neutral Zone' proposals, the British government has recognised that reunification is more likely to be secured through disengagement than through elections; faced, however, with the combined intransigence of Mr Dulles and Dr Adenauer, it has been obliged to settle for continued division. But Britain's reasons for wanting a settlement are now stronger than ever. The decision to defer cuts in the Rhine Army has already led to an upward revision of our new defence estimates; while Germany's rapid integration in western Europe is beginning to constitute a direct threat to British economic interests. A reunified, 'uncommitted' Germany would be obliged to loosen her moorings to the Franco-Benelux complex and 'float' in central Europe; Britain's paramountcy in western Europe could then be restored. Fortunately, the temporary breakdown in the Bonn-Washington axis places Britain in a strong bargaining position, while the invitation to Moscow provides the context in which we can take advantage of it.

Hence Mr Macmillan should resist pressure to confine his discussions with Mr Krushchev to the tightly restricted limits laid down at the last Nato meeting. The barrenness of Mr Mikoyan's session at the White House was the product of a basic American unwillingness to negotiate at all. It is this which is now under challenge from both Mr Macmillan, and, indeed, Senator Fulbright. If it is persisted in, Mr Krushchev will reasonably consider he has proof of his calculation that the West is not even looking for a solution to the problem of Germany. And he will be encouraged by that to enforce his Berlin deadline. Mr Macmillan should open his talks by conceding to Krushchev that, despite Dr Adenauer, Britain and her allies have a mutual interest with Russia in securing a German settlement, and then discover the basis on which it can be reached.

# Comments on the Week's News

## The Maltese Dilemma

The success of Mr Mintoff's 'Day of Mourning' in Malta is a pretty effective answer to those who suggest that he does not represent the will of his people. It was a considerable feat to persuade so many civil servants – in addition to the workers – to stay away from work after they had been threatened with dismissal. Nevertheless, Mr Mintoff and his supporters are in a dilemma. As Mr Bevan pointed out in last Monday's Commons debate, for Mintoff to instigate or condone violence would be to fall into the Tory trap. It would be the surest way of providing a respectable excuse for the abrogation of democratic institutions. On the other hand, as the British government has closed constitutional avenues to the Maltese, how are they to exercise their undoubted right of protest without using unconstitutional means? The real tragedy is that the Colonial Office, either through incompetence or through conservative dislike of the whole concept of integration, has destroyed the co-operative atmosphere of three years ago. The Labour Party is now pledged to do all it can to restore that atmosphere in the hope that integration may once again become a practical possibility. Mr Mintoff's wisest course, therefore, may be to adopt a conciliatory tone, offering further negotiations with Britain, provided that they start from the legitimate needs of both countries.

## Fanfani Furioso

The resignation of Signor Fanfani's government was the indirect consequence of Signor Nenni's victory over the fellow-travellers at the Naples Socialist Party conference. This made a split in the Social Democrats, who supported the 'Fanfani experiment', inevitable; and though the pro-Nenni minority were unable to carry the party into opposition, they secured the resignation of two ministers and destroyed the arithmetical basis of Fanfani's majority. He preferred to resign rather than await defeat. His quarrel, however, is not so much with Nenni or the Social Democrats, but with the right wing of his own party, whose secret desertions have twice led to his defeat in the Chamber. On Saturday, he expressed this resentment by resigning as general secretary of the party. Finding a new premier may not be easy. The two obvious solutions – a left-centre coalition, based on the Fanfani wing of the Christian Democrats and with the support of the Nenni Socialists, or a right-centre coalition, based on the Scelba wing, and with the support of the Fascists and the right-wing independents – could both lead to an open and irrevocable split in the Christian Democrat Party, which, now that the Vatican has withdrawn from politics, lacks a final arbiter in its disputes. The alternative is a minority caretaker government, which could conduct current business until the quarrels of the Christian Democrats are thrashed out at their conference in April. The only long-term solution is a fusion of the left wing of the Christian Democrats with Nenni Socialists, on the lines of the British Labour Party. Though anti-clericalism is still a strong factor in Italian politics, and though Nenni, possibly with reason, fears that any participation in government would lose him votes to the Communists, there is much to be said for this formula. 'Gaullism' – as Fanfani himself pointed out recently – is a growing factor in Italian politics, and the present paralysis of the parliamentary system is bound to encourage the trend.

## Franco on the Brink

With the steady deterioration in the economic situation in Spain, and the recent disclosures that members of the government, leading aristocrats and personal friends of the Caudillo have been making fortunes out of illegal currency deals, opposition to Franco is now becoming open. On 29 January, at a public dinner in a Madrid hotel, a group of monarchist businessmen and generals, led by the Basque industrialist Joaquin Satrustegui, announced the formation of a new party, the Spanish Union, which will campaign for the expulsion of General Franco and the restoration of representative government. Although no plans have yet been announced for the opening of headquarters and regional offices, the party's programme has already been circularised by leaflet. It provides for a constitutional monarchy, a parliament with limited powers, and qualified freedom of the press. It is, therefore, essentially conservative, but its promoters hope to enlist support, at any rate on an *ad hoc* basis, from all political groups in Spain, including the Anarchists, but excluding the Communists. Among its supporters it already includes, besides the Monarchists, the Liberal Republicans, led by Enrique Tierno Galvan, and a group of right-wing Christian Democrats, believed to represent the views of Martin Artajo, once Franco's Foreign Minister. The Socialists are forbidden by a formal decision of their party congress to participate in any political movement; but a number of independent Socialists, it is thought, were represented at the dinner. Semi-public criticism of Franco is now increasingly common, and too much significance should not be attached to this event; it should also be remembered that both Satrustegui and Galvan were arrested last year for 'illegal activities'. Nevertheless, the formation of the movement is an act of open defiance to Franco, whose penal code specifically forbids the creation of political parties; and the support it is receiving indicates the extent to which Spanish business circles, and even the army, are now campaigning for Franco's removal.

## Integration Crosses the Potomac

The admission of Negro children to schools in Arlington and Norfolk is a symbolic victory for integration that will have immense repercussions throughout the South. Virginia has been one of the leaders of the fight for segregation: in fact, its legal devices for obstructing integration were copied by other states, which have traditionally regarded it as the spokesman for the whole South. Now both the federal and state courts have insisted that none of these devices can be used to deny Negro children admission. As an immediate result, in the Washington suburb of Arlington, just across the Potomac, four Negro pupils have this week been admitted to a high school, while in Norfolk, where six high schools have been closed since September – and 17,000 children have been locked out – the schools have reopened on an integrated basis. This token victory is the turning-point in the struggle between the courts and the 'massive-resisters' of the South, as Governor Almond of Virginia has recognised by saying that all his attempts to block integration had now failed. It does not, of course, follow that all schools in Virginia are now automatically integrated: the state legislature has just adopted other measures to delay integration, including repeal of the compulsory school-attendance law. But it is probable that each of these barriers will now be broken down in turn, and that in the more urban and advanced communities, integration will begin: in the rural areas, resistance will be more prolonged, and more court actions will be needed. What matters, however, is the break in the front of the supposedly solid South: though the Virginia victory is small in scale, it effectively destroys the South's belief that its techniques of evasion would be adequate to stave off de-segregation at least for a generation.

## A Common Purpose in East Africa

Twenty million people live in the four East African territories of Uganda, Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanganyika. Of these, all but 300,000 are African; the rest European, Asian and Arab. Six years ago there was a move on the part of the Europeans to federate East Africa on similar lines to the Federation of Central Africa. The idea was answered and negatived by a clamour of African hostility. Since then, however, Uganda has made long strides towards becoming a state ruled by Africans; Zanzibar has developed democratic institutions; while in Tanganyika, the African National Union is rapidly gaining control of the limited powers available in the present constitution. Kenya, then, remains the biggest hurdle; but Africans there believe that the initiative lies with them and that their demands for greatly increased representation cannot long be denied. As a result of all this, many leading African politicians are beginning to lose their suspicions of federation and to look to a common future. In a recent conference at Mwanza, African nationalism was the dominant note, parliamentary democracy being accepted as the best method of achieving majority rule throughout East Africa. Nor should it be forgotten that these territories border the Congo, the Central African Federation and the Sudan where African nationalism is rapidly bursting into flames. The recent meeting between the Colonial Secretary and the East African governors reflects a belated recognition that serious events with a common theme are taking place in this area. It is clear that, in the east as in the west of the continent, Africans will no longer be content with states devised by Europeans; and from the viewpoint of economic planning at least, this is a welcome development.

## Discipline in the ETU

The Communist clique which controls the Electrical Trades Union is continuing its efforts to silence critics within the union. This Saturday, the executive will hear charges against Mr Bill Sullivan, secretary of the Dagenham branch, that he has 'disclosed union business'. This charge is based on a letter which Mr Sullivan wrote last year to *Tribune*, answering statements made in an earlier letter by Mr Sam Goldberg, a member of the ETU executive. The fact that Mr Goldberg 'disclosed union business' and that Mr Sullivan was merely challenging what he believed to be misstatements has been disregarded by Mr Haxell and his colleagues. The purpose of this operation is to stop dissident members of the ETU making speeches or publishing letters which expose the way in which the union's affairs are being conducted, and it is a dubious infringement of their personal rights. It comes particularly badly from Mr Haxell and his

Communist colleagues, who have systematically discussed union business in secret with Communist Party officials who are not even members of the ETU. We note that no public reply has been made by Mr Haxell on this point, though details of the work of the Communist 'advisory committees' were given in a letter to this journal by Mr Mark Young, a member of the ETU. Why has the ETU leadership taken action against Mr Sullivan but left the far more serious allegations by Mr Young go without remark? The TUC is at present considering Mr Haxell's reply to its request for information about the conduct of the ETU. Does it propose to hear evidence from prominent members of the ETU who are able to document their charges of election malpractices?

### Amenity Begins at Home

Thousands of planning applications are refused each year because 'the development would be detrimental to the amenities'. In particular places 'amenities' can be defined, but general definition is no easy task. A new Fabian pamphlet (*Town and Country* by R. M. Stuttard, price 2s.) discusses the problem with comprehension and good sense. The conflict between amenity on the one hand, and technology, economic expansion and rising living standards on the other, is examined clearly. To meet the high cost of preventing blemishes and hiding those which are inevitable, Mr Stuttard proposes that a National Amenities Fund be set up. This would be replenished and renamed National Land Fund. With restored capital and an investment income of £1½m. a year, this fund could finance an immense amount of good work. The pamphlet urges that amenity should be enjoyed by ordinary people, the holiday caravan planned for, the Lake District equipped with summer huts and chalets, and the coast, highlands and countryside opened to more and more families. Restraints will, of course, be required, but at present too much amenity is being enjoyed by too few. Finally, most people want the pleasure and comfort a home and garden can give. Green belts to limit growth, and new towns to provide the decent living conditions, are the only worthwhile answer, with a single planning authority for each conurbation.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Westminster

### Backwoodsmanship

Mr William Hamilton asked, reasonably enough, what his constituents were likely to think of a House of Commons which, when there were 95,000 unemployed in Scotland, could devote a whole day to the discussion of a Bill about red deer. But as the plan for integration had been dropped, there was no one in the House to ask what the people of Malta would make of the fact that the debate on deer was more lively than the previous day's debate on the suspension of the Maltese constitution. There was, however, an understandable reason for this. After Mr Aneurin Bevan, in his best form, had deployed the opposition's case, there was little left for his colleagues to say and only Mr James Griffiths, at the end of the day, was able to infuse old matter with new life. Government speakers were similarly grassed by the time Mr Lennox-Boyd had rattled through his brief, and at the end Mr Julian Amery could do no more than try to hide his lack of matter behind the most elderly of elder statesman manners. When, however, he was unwise enough to make a rather adolescent joke about Bevan, the latter leaned negligently across the table and broke the facade with his little finger.

The debate left one fear and one puzzle in the mind. The fear was that British troops might soon be fighting the inhabitants of an island with whom for so long this country has been so friendly, that by our day's work we had begun to turn Malta into another Cyprus. The puzzle was, why is it that Lennox-Boyd who, despite his earlier reputation, has turned out to be remarkably liberal-minded in many of his intentions at the Colonial Office, should time after time be at least nominally responsible for putting through such reactionary policies? Although an all-party round-table conference had, with only two dissentients, recommended integration, the negotiations had been allowed to break down on the issue of £1m., the amount by which Malta's claim for financial assistance exceeded the grant which the British government was willing to offer. The breakdown was all the more remarkable in that it preceded the Thorneycroft credit squeeze. It seems to have been due to an old reason, the emotions aroused in the breasts of Tory backbenchers by the word 'scuttle'. When Sir Winston led us out of Egypt he had to cover his retreat by asserting that Cyprus was a better base than Suez. Otherwise his backbenchers would probably have compelled us to fight the Egyptians. Sir Winston settled for a fight with the Cypriots. Then, with a new Suez rankling in their minds, Tory backbenchers found themselves faced by Mr Dom Mintoff, not as a forehead-cuffing colonial suppliant but as an aggressive and sometimes truculent nationalist leader. They instinctively determined that Mintoff must be cut down to size and Lennox-Boyd chose to axe Mr Mintoff instead of himself.

In a much smaller way, the government's actions about deer seem equally discreditable. Had it proposed, by humane methods, to reduce the numbers of deer to manageable proportions in the interests of Scottish farming and had it proposed to put severe penalties on the commercial shooting gangs and others who inflict suffering on these animals, the opposition would not have voted against the second reading. But the House is now accustomed to look beyond any words used by Mr J. S. Maclay, the Secretary of State for Scotland; and, behind his words of commiseration both for farmers and for deer, Mr M. K. Macmillan, who led for the Labour Party, saw a concern for the landowners who own the deer-shoots. Macmillan succeeded in turning what might have been a trivial debate into a powerful, though racy, expression of the age-old conflict in Scotland and elsewhere, between those who own the land and those who live and work on it. The Maltese would have relished his speech.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

## Havana

### Castro's Future

*Our Latin-American Correspondent writes:* Castro's zig-zag road to power has left him with friends everywhere and, as a stern revolutionary victor, no enemies yet. Every pressure group feels represented by Castro: the peasant believes fervently that an agrarian reform is now imminent, but he doesn't know that the sugar-planter has never before felt so secure. The urban trade-unionist, who may have helped to sabotage Batista's war effort, is as enthusiastic as the industrialist who gave Castro large sums of money to buy expensive foreign arms and finance his underground.

Positive action is not an outstanding feature of the Cuban character. The man in command, basing himself on graft, corruption, fear or just plain brutality, controls the situation by staying in the middle and granting favours which play off the warring factions. Fidel Castro is in that tradition. His absolute emptiness when it comes to political ideas or conceptions makes him mysteriously accessible to all interpretations. His musings can be interpreted as dangerous threats to the right – or the left; encouragement to the Catholic Church or the Communist Party. His declarations against the US are too obviously planned beforehand to make any impression, and his feeble efforts to appear as a dextrous diplomat are almost pathetic. In fact, Castro still has only one idea – to defeat Batista. The dictator is gone from Cuba but he is safely enjoying the Caribbean weather in neighbouring Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic, which has given asylum to all the displaced dictators of Latin America save two: Somoza who was shot dead and Pinilla who went to Spain.

Now Fidel Castro wants to invade the Dominican Republic. He has already travelled to Caracas to talk with President Betancourt of Venezuela about joint plans for an amphibious invasion. Venezuelans are obviously interested in overthrowing the Trujillo dynasty because ex-dictator Perez Jimenez is in the Dominican Republic, and it would certainly please them to bring him back to Caracas for trial. On the other hand, Fidel Castro also realises that, with free elections 18 months away, he has to keep up the revolutionary momentum, or lose control. This waiting period is the price he must pay before becoming eligible to be a candidate for the presidency of Cuba: he is only 33 years old and to be presidential candidate he must be at least 35. He has no idea of what to do to rule a nation but he knows how to fight a jungle war and he is going to try to keep doing that for as long as he can. Trujillo knows all this extremely well, and he has already placed an order for 25 British designed Vampire jets with Canada.

Only if one takes into consideration Fidel Castro's single-minded purpose to invade the Dominican Republic can one understand things like the execution of Batista's police officers and the wholesale demobilisation of the regular army. Fidel Castro knows his countrymen extremely well and wants to make sure that there will be no palace revolutions while he is away. Also, if the time comes to implement drastic reforms, he wants to be sure that his friends – for he has no party – are in complete control of the armed forces.

In two years' time Castro will presumably become president. Is there any reason to think that he will not then be as short of political ideas as he is today? Perhaps Castro's only hope to become a real element of progress in his country is to come under the influence of President Betancourt, who has fought all his life against dictatorship and corruption and is now the constitutional head of his nation. He does have a programme and means to implement it, and if he can make Castro understand that to govern a country one needs more than a handsome personality, a beard and a machine-gun he will be doing a big favour to the whole of Latin America.

# Fleet Street

## Down Again

In the last six months of 1958, according to the ABC figures now published, the average sales of the six popular national dailies fell by 445,000, compared with the last six months of the previous year – which themselves had shown a significant faltering. A fall of just under 450,000 in paid sales is not, of course, a great deal, when set against a total circulation for the six popular dailies which is still well above 16 million a day. But taken in conjunction both with earlier figures and with the latest circulation totals of most of the popular Sunday papers, it seems to mark a trend too significant to laugh off.

Moreover, on this occasion, not only is the overall total down but every individual daily in the popular field, including the most successful, has lost readers in sizable numbers. The *Daily Mirror*, for example, lost about 130,000. The *Sketch*, which not long ago was able to boast itself the fastest growing paper in the country as the reward for a combination of sensational scandal-journalism and well-publicised talking-point competitions, has lost a higher percentage of its total. Its daily average is down by 80,000, which with a total circulation now no more than 1,202,000, is quite a knock. The gutter it seems is no longer paved with gold. So far the *Daily Express* has managed to stand up best. Its average circulation fell by 26,000 compared with a year ago. But it still stands at close on 4,085,000 copies a day. Oddly enough the *Daily Mail*, which in the previous six months had seemed to be doing better than most and which has set a spanking pace in news enterprise throughout the year, has lost more readers – nearly 39,000 in all.

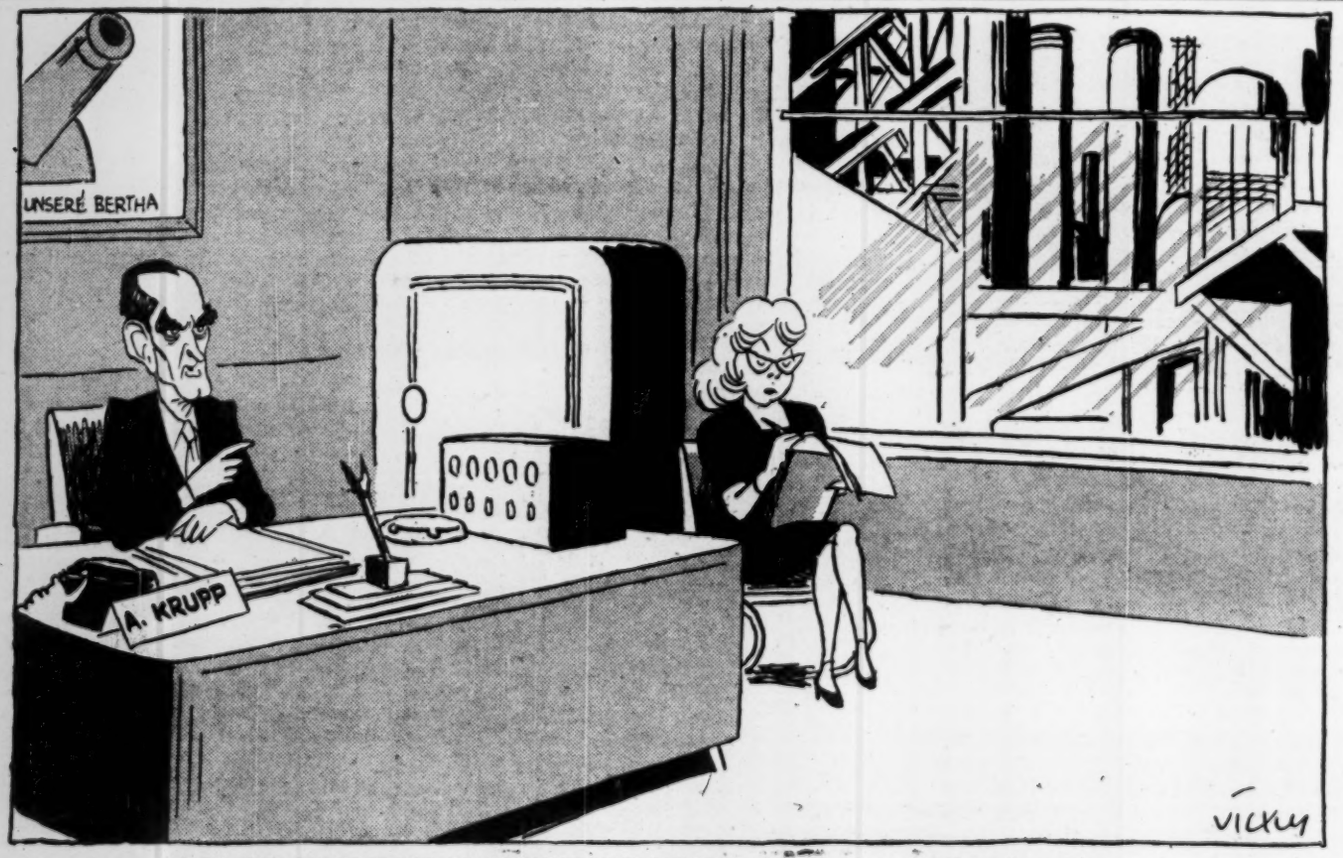
Apart from the *Sketch*, which can be left to find its own way through the mud without too many tears from anyone else, the most badly hit of the popular dailies are those two problem children, the *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* has lost an average of 91,000 readers, the *Herald* 78,000. With a circulation down to just below a million and a quarter, the *News Chronicle* is actually reaching substantially fewer readers than it did in 1930, when the paper in its present form came into existence as an amalgamation of the *Daily Chronicle* with the *Daily News*. The tonic effect of the shot in the arm it got from buying the *Daily Dispatch* title some three years ago has gone completely. Initially it managed to win the readership of some 270,000 of the 470,000 people who had been buying the *Daily Dispatch*. This allegiance has not lasted. As for the *Herald*, so far from its greater freedom from the TUC and the Labour Party helping its sales, it is now, with a circulation only around one and a half million, at its lowest level for more than a quarter of a century.

What is no less significant than the fall in circulation of all the popular national dailies is the fact that this break in a long established British habit applies to them only. So far from falling, the average circulations of *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Telegraph* have all risen – *The Times* by 8,500, the *Guardian* by around 4,500, and the *Telegraph* by over 21,500. These are not large increases when set against the massive totals of newspaper readership as a whole. But in terms of the circulation of the quality press itself, they are considerable. Moreover exactly the same trend is disclosed in the Sunday paper field, where the *Observer* increased its average sale compared with the last six months of the previous year by over 13,500 and the *Sunday Times* by more than 56,000. In fairness it must be added that both the *Sunday Express* and the *People* have also made gains.

What does this changing pattern indicate? It is not easy to be quite sure. It is obvious that the public for the more serious newspapers – although still of course very much a minority public – is steadily growing. But what is happening to the popular dailies is not so easy to distinguish. Even here, however, it rather looks as if readers are beginning to want more news – or at any rate the appearance of more news. It is true that the relatively disappointing experience of the *Mail* compared with the *Express* seems to contradict this. But the *Express* does spend an immense amount of money on its news coverage – particularly internationally – and mobilises its large corps of special and foreign reporters with an *élan* which undoubtedly attracts readers. The *News Chronicle*, whose experience is in many ways the most disappointing of all, takes news seriously, of course. But it does not, on the whole, seem to handle it very well.

Since its recent transformation, the *Herald* would seem to have been pinning its faith to features rather than news – except spasmodically. Moreover, odd as it may seem, it now devotes less space to commentaries on the political scene than either the *Express* or the *Mail*. Although occasionally stimulating it is now basically a much less serious paper politically than the *Mirror*. One result of this seems to be that, since its dash to freedom, it has lost old readers without gaining new ones.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS




'TO THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES: Gentlemen, having in my own small way some modest experience of fighting the pernicious doctrine of nationalisation, may I be permitted to offer you my respectful advice...'

# The Paris-Bonn Axis

*From Our Bonn Correspondent*

FROM the moment when news first arrived here of Mr Dulles's sudden decision to visit the western European capitals, Federal German spokesmen have been busy. Their line is to deny reports that Mr Dulles's trip has been occasioned by Franco-German resistance to any closer understanding with the Soviet Union on the twin problems of Berlin and the all-German peace treaty. Foreign references – and there have been many – to a Paris-Bonn axis are being played down as much as possible; and it is emphasised that any differences between the Anglo-American partners, on the one hand, and the Franco-German on the other, are only 'nuances'. It isn't explained why, if that is so, Mr Dulles should have flown out of Washington at the exact moment when the allied working groups were deliberating on the very topics which are the main themes of his talks.

The term 'axis' is looked on with disfavour here as a reminder of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis of the Nazis. Yet there is obviously a clear line of common interest in foreign policy between Paris and Bonn. It may be overstating the case to assert that Mr Dulles decided to take wing when he heard that a preliminary draft of a reply to Moscow had been drawn up in Paris and approved in Bonn. But the fact remains that both Paris and Bonn have very similar ideas about dealing with Moscow – and these ideas are neither new nor encouraging for the future. A small advance has been made by the suggestion, which is being canvassed here, that the Foreign Ministers of the US, Britain, France and West Germany should hold a special conference in Washington on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of Nato. But France and West Germany are agreed that no Big Four conference (let alone a Summit) is acceptable before 27 May, when the Soviet ultimatum on Berlin expires. Dr. Adenauer appears to be unchanged in his view that unless the West remains firm – that term according to his interpretation means 'stands pat' – the Russians will gradually succeed in getting control of the economies, first of Germany, then of all Europe.

It is only a few months since the Federal Republic found itself in the difficult position of having to choose between Britain and France over the Free Trade Area and the Common Market. Dr Adenauer's decision was taken on political grounds. In exchange for his support of the French on the economic issue – despite, incidentally, strong pressure from his own industrialists – Adenauer has secured French support for his inflexible attitude towards Russia over Berlin and German reunification. Both ends of the axis favour a strong line over Berlin, in the belief that Moscow is only bluffing. If military action should ever be needed to keep open the lines of communication to the city, it would be US and British troops which would have to be mobilised for the dash through. There are not enough Germans available, and the French army is committed in North Africa.

Both France and West Germany have a common interest to keep US troops both in Europe and in Berlin. France, however, can scarcely look forward to a reunited Germany since that would lead to the comparative weakening of French military and economic power, and would completely upset de Gaulle's idea of becoming the spokesman for the countries of western Europe in the councils of the world.

Close co-operation between both German and French capital in North Africa, and a substantial French stake in the industry of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, have existed for some years. Last week the *Bundestag* approved the creation of a joint Franco-German institute for ballistics research at St Louis in Alsace. The German Socialists opposed this measure, arguing that the institute could be sued on the grounds that it was constructing nuclear weapons. This possibility is not excluded. Though West Germany is pledged never to build atomic weapons on its own territory, there is nothing in writing against its doing so elsewhere.

Another problem which remains unsolved from World War Two, but one affecting only the western allies, is the break-up of the Krupp industrial empire. Here is a legacy which the executors are reluctant to distribute, despite special orders. As the years roll on there is increasing conviction among most people here that Messrs Krupp will be allowed to do what they like. True, a special commission will be set up to deal with this question and investigate the possibilities of disposing of these assets. This commission, which consists of three German representatives and one each from the US, Britain and France, will serve under an independent chairman. The commission's task is considered an almost impossible one in existing conditions. Much is said about the difficulty of finding buyers for such a colossal undertaking, which is estimated to have a turnover of about 5,000 million marks (£450m.) in 1958. Obviously this is not an easy task. But it seems to be more difficult to discover those really willing to undertake such a job. Today there is no longer talk about 'undue concentrations of economic power' as there was 13 years ago. Talk about financial aid to the Nazi movement has been replaced by the need for concentrating all efforts on showing capitalist superiority over the Communists. In fact recent developments show Krupp extending rather than restricting his great economic power. For example, Krupp, through Rheinhausen Holding Company, recently acquired a 75 per cent. interest in the Bochumer Verein steel plant.

The new commission which investigates the situation will have an independent chairman. But, if he comes from the US or from one of the Coal and Steel Community countries, I doubt whether much more will be done towards deconcentrating Krupps. (The European Coal and Steel Community approved the recent extension.) The allied agreement which Alfried Krupp signed mentions a 'fair' offer for coal and steel assets. He can maintain with some plausibility that he never had a fair offer. And since there is no question of nationalising the concern, or of its being taken over by an international organisation or of its being sold off to the public as 'people's shares', nothing is likely to happen.

On the subject of coal, German attention has been concentrated mainly upon another kind of development here, namely the decision to impose a duty of 20 marks per ton on imported coal. This is an attempt to get rid of 15 million tons now stacked at the pitheads. Britain, which exported 219,000 tons to the Federal Republic in 1958, is permitted to send in only 207,000 tons import free for the rest of 1959.

This new tariff will do something to ease the specific problem of over-stocking, but the Ruhr coalfield has many others. Both government and opposition experts have agreed that some long-term structural changes in the Ruhr coal industry are long overdue. It is already being argued in Bonn that a movement in the coal industry away from deliberalisation and towards cartels and import duties must mean the beginning of the end of Professor Erhardt's free economy. But that remains to be seen.

# Labour and Trade

AS a Socialist I have always disliked and distrusted the so-called 'Common Market' concept of uniting Europe. I dislike it because I feel doubtful whether such a negative approach to unifying such different societies can do anything but make the strong richer and the weak poorer. I believe that the dominant competitive power of German industry must tend to enforce deflation and destroy the upsurge of the investment which is an absolute condition of meeting the Communist challenge.

History abounds with the wrecks of formerly prosperous regions which were cajoled or forced into political and economic unity with stronger partners. Even within well-integrated national entities the fierce forces of the freely competitive system make for cumulatively increasing inequality and insecurity. Only the majestic power of a modern state, armed with elaborate administrative apparatus can stem this tide; only the most careful planning and intervention can ensure an equitable geographic distribution of industry, and, by progressive taxation, provide the basic investments of a civilised life – education, health, housing, public amenities and utilities.

If, then, the problem of cumulative inequality has been solved within modern states – at least in principle – in international economics it is still acute. The history of international economic relations since 1929, and even more since 1945, is the story of a fight against growing international inequality and unbalance. The increase in US investment abroad has helped only at the risk of a vast potential drain on the rest of the world: American assets abroad now account for more than $50,000m., and the service on this debt demands over $5,000m. annually. Inequality has been held in check only by large-scale – and politically motivated – military and economic aid.

What is true of the US is, of course, even more relevant to the position of Germany in the context of western Europe. Here is a country which has learnt to keep its wages permanently below its real productivity: it sustains its own investment (and thus the increase in its efficiency) at a level never before reached in non-totalitarian countries. It fattens on the world markets by selling far more than it buys, and using the surplus to acquire economic influence. To expose a weaker, less dynamic industrial system to the uncontrolled violence of such competition is asking for trouble.

The Franco-Italian partners, it must be admitted, were by no means unsuccessful in changing Dr Erhardt's first, purely negative, conception of the Common Market. The French were able to exact from their 'liberal' partners positive safeguards, which are the ultra-European counterparts of the domestic arrangements that hold the disintegrating forces of pure competition in check. The fatal impact of cumulative liberalisation on

the weaker units of the union is to be offset by the free movement of workers and capital, assisted by conscious policy through the European Investment Bank and Social Fund. In addition there is to be a 'harmonisation' of economic and social policies: the aim is to provide full employment and to avoid trade upsets that might otherwise follow from differences in the level of social services and in trade union strength.

It may well be that these institutions are too flimsy to take the immense strain caused by the economic union; that, in the end, German predominance will be strengthened; that inequality will grow and that more rather than less internal political strife will result from this attempt at uniting Europe. It will certainly cause difficulties for the rest of the non-Communist countries of Europe and weaken them economically.

Faced by this challenge, the policy of the Tory government has been fantastic. Unilaterally it gave away all its bargaining power, partly to help the City earn some tens of millions of additional commissions on dollar commodity shunting and foreign exchange deals; partly to gratify a sheer abstract dogma that liberalisation would somehow maximise national income. Nor did it make use of the considerable opposition which existed inside the six countries of the Common Market to obtain a fair settlement on expansionist lines. Yet a British intervention might have secured Britain's position. Moreover, there was still time to force the issue at Geneva, since the Common Market treaty was clearly in contradiction to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The British, however, missed all their chances. They did not stop the Common Market when there was time, nor did they insist on the inclusion of positive safeguards. In a final burst of *laisser faire* fanaticism they launched a scheme – the Free Trade Area – which was calculated to open the markets of the weak to the strong without any compensation or safeguard whatever. We were to face uncontrolled German competition in order to be able to overrun countries even weaker than ourselves.

The British case claims, on the one hand, that our obligations to the Commonwealth are incompatible with membership of the Common Market, and on the other that joining the Common Market 'by linking our price levels to those of France will have disastrous effects on our competitive position in export markets outside of Europe'. If, indeed, membership of the Common Market were to prove as disastrous as the Board of Trade expects, we should rejoice that the German competitive power will be engulfed by it. After all, less than one-seventh of our exports go to the Common Market countries, as against more than half sent to the Sterling Area at the peak of its development – and two-fifths even now. Only a very small range of imported raw-materials (among which aluminium and zinc are the most important) are subject to tariff by the Common Market. Our competitive power could not possibly be much affected. Mr Maudling was obviously misled into hoping that he could bluff his scheme through and break the French resistance, though he had been warned by the French over two years ago that the Free Trade Area scheme was unacceptable to them. He chose to disregard this warning on the basis of a complete misreading of the political situation.

Yet there is a strong enough faction in each of the six countries of the Common Market to whom a progressive programme of co-operation with Britain and the Commonwealth, as well as with the eleven other OEEC members, would make an appeal. What the Labour Party ought to do is, first, to show that the Maudling case is mendacious. This is completely borne out even by the hand-picked documents which the government has published. Secondly, it should put forward a scheme of economic co-operation, binding OEEC, the Common Market countries and the Commonwealth into a co-operative trading unit, with common employment and investment policies and suitable organs to implement them.

The British government has reacted to its utter failure in exactly the opposite way – by increasing its stake on the same number. Having been rebuffed, it tried to 'punish' the offending countries by forcing the end of the European Payments Union, with its automatic finance of trade deficits, and by making sterling held in non-resident hands *de jure* convertible into dollars. This, together with the impending abolition of quotas on dollar imports, will increase US competition and thus make it harder for the Common Market to sell in Britain. The fact that it also loosens controls over British imports as a whole (salmon imports from Canada after their recent liberalisation increased far more than was expected) and puts pressure on British industry when it is already in a recession, seems not to have disturbed the Cabinet. As the chairman of the Bank triumphantly explained, the new won liberty increases the earnings of the City – though the whole policy seems bent to encourage a flight of capital from Britain.

The present 'strength' of sterling is, in fact, the outcome not of increased competitive power but of recession. A revival in economic activity might easily worsen the balance of payments by some £300m in a year. If that were to come about when the present irrational flight from the dollar was no longer supporting the pound, a worse run on sterling than that of 1957 would be inevitable. In that case the creation of massive unemployment would become the only alternative to a severe fall in the value of sterling. That is why the stern warnings against inflation uttered recently by both Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson are so important.

A determined Labour government, once elected, could easily cope with any attack on sterling, provided it had a loyal and intelligent body of experts. But determination, though essential, is not sufficient. There must be a constructive plan to restore the dynamic expansion of Britain while safeguarding its external balance. The first requirement is vastly to increase productive investment so as to buttress our competitive power, which has been sadly eroded under the Tories. The second need is to restore close economic co-operation with the Sterling Area, so that an increase in investment and consumption can be absorbed internally and need not burden our gold reserves. Finally, we must strive to cope with the problem created by the fact that the strength of Germany is disproportionate to that of the rest of Europe and the Commonwealth. Partly, this will be achieved by increased investment at home; and we must also see to it that demand increases all round, so that cut-throat competition for shrinking markets can be avoided. In these conditions, a reciprocal and balanced opening of British and Commonwealth markets to the Common Market will do little harm.

One difficulty is that the Americans have been insisting that they will now accept new preferential areas only when they are 100 per cent. preferential, and that no lesser preference must be granted in any circumstances. But if western Europe approached the Americans, explaining that a grave weakening of its economic strength could be avoided only by modifying this arbitrary rule, there is no reason to doubt that the Americans would waive their objections. Once that were done, the basic source of disagreement – the British demand that free imports should be granted to British industries without any equivalent obligation being accepted by Britain – could be overcome by a double-tier preferential system. In such a system, those commodities in which the British and Common Market tariffs are similar (those in which free entry from Britain would not artificially divert trade from the industries of the Common Market) would have free entry or be subject to the common tariff. The Commonwealth would accord the same preferences to the Common Market exporters as they now grant to the British. Goods from third countries would be unaffected by these new arrangements.

Far more important, however, than any commercial policy decision would be the positive safeguards which ought to be promoted by the British government, to eliminate those dangerous tendencies towards the concentration of power and wealth in a new free trade area. There would have to be an agreement on location of industry, and a common financial agency – a strong one, too – which could promote investment to make the disparate and conflicting parts of Europe and the Commonwealth more complementary to one another. The same agency would have to contrive a closer co-ordination of financial and budgetary policy. It would therefore need the powers which the authors of the Marshall plan originally proposed to give to OEEC before their purpose was stultified by British resistance. (Even the Tory government has given up its unreasonable demand for a right of veto on all decisions.)

But wrong decisions taken by the majority do not help. The Labour Party should now press for all participating countries to bind themselves to avoid the creation of unemployment as a means of policy and to agree to safeguards for countries which are threatened by the policy of any of the partners. The persistent creditors must contribute to the solution of their debtors' difficulties. What is needed is a joint intervention by all European countries to obtain the consent of the US government to such a new preferential system, despite the GATT prohibition of new preferential arrangements. Only a double-tier system of preferences can sufficiently harmonise the national policies of most European countries with those of the Commonwealth.

Such a positive programme would be the complement, on the international plane, of purposive internal planning for controlled expansion. The 'free trade area' concept of commercial policy, on the other hand, subjects both Britain and a large part of the Commonwealth to the uncontrolled and uncontrollable forces of international trade. Indeed, what seems now to be happening is far worse than merely a return to the Twenties. When Keynes in those days accused the Treasury and the Bank of England of handing over the destiny of Britain to a casino, the bankers could at least reply that there was no peacetime experience of an alternative. A return to the pre-1914 rules of the game was, therefore, justifiable, *faute de mieux*. No such excuse exists now. Moreover, we now know the price which has to be paid if the country's fate is determined by the demands of international bankers.

THOMAS BALOGH

*NEXT WEEK*

**My Life with the BBC**
by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

**Profile of Sidney Bernstein**
*with drawing by* VICKY

# London Diary

By stating that Mr Hurry is mistaken in thinking that he will ever get names and addresses from his precious anti-nationalisation poll, the Market Research Bureau has made him look pretty foolish. This is, of course, a matter about which all the serious pollsters feel deeply. Defending his Gallup Poll, Mr Durant has very properly rammed home the point that it is completely 'unethical' to divulge personal details of people who answer questionnaires. If people did not believe that their confidence would be respected all public opinion surveys would be discredited. Whether workers in steel mills will be reassured by the Market Research Bureau's statements, I'm not sure. Many of them may still wonder whether their views – or those of their wives or the reputed views of the people who live in the same house – may not in fact be passed on to their employers. Mr Hurry's naive belief that he could do what he liked with the results of this poll has also put into many people's heads the suspicion that the steel magnates who financed the poll intended to leak the results to the Conservative Central Office. In this, no doubt, the public are doing the Market Research Bureau an injustice, but it will be the Bureau's own fault. What possible excuse can there be for asking questions so obviously loaded to produce a political result useful to the government and the steel industry – Mr Hurry makes no bones about that – and how does it explain the fact that the poll was restricted to marginal seats and carried out by a house-to-house canvass instead of by the tested technique of the scientifically selected sample? And what will the voter think of a poll costing £500,000 or so paid for either by tax-free business 'expenses', or by adding to the cost of steel?

* * *

Mr Hurry has, I think, ensured that the notion that Big Business is Watching You will spread widely throughout the working class. The immense steel anti-nationalisation propaganda carried out by the steel industry at the moment may also have a boomerang effect. During the next few weeks and months its claims will have to be subjected to serious examination. I was myself shocked that Margaret Stewart, a well-known and hitherto respected journalist with a long record of service on the Labour side, should have lent her name to this campaign. All journalists, I think, should refrain from allowing themselves to be used by advertising interests. The two professions are different. The job of mass advertising is to persuade people by slogans and well understood techniques of appeal to the glancing eye and the casual mind; the job of the journalist is to state facts fairly and to draw reasonable conclusions from them.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* has recently received many warm tributes as the daily paper which has, by enterprise and reliable journalism, shown the greatest improvement in the last year. I was therefore surprised as well as angered by its front page headlines on 29 January. It stated flatly that Indonesia was preparing to invade New Guinea. The justifying facts were vague in the extreme. Invasion boats were hiding in the creeks of Indonesia and so on. The *Mail* should have realised that the whole thing was a piece of Dutch propaganda. Its origin was the Dutch newspaper *De Telegraaf*; this propaganda line was circulated in London after the recent visit here of the Dutch Foreign Minister, Dr Luns. Anyone who had followed this dispute would have known that its chief object was to encourage volunteers whom the Dutch have recently been recruiting to go to West New Guinea, and that it was timed to make it more difficult for Mr Casey, the Australian Minister of External Affairs, to come to an agreement with Dr Subandrio, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, who is due in Canberra this week-end. *De Telegraaf*, of course, represents only the extremist wing of Dutch opinion. There has recently been a notable growth of a more reasonable attitude in the Netherlands. Dutch dinosaurs have never in their hearts accepted the independence of Indonesia; they know that they cannot themselves defend, either morally or physically, their pretence of sovereignty over West New Guinea; their object is to embroil Australia in their dispute.

* * *

The young king of Nepal has, in the end, proved as good as his word. He promised elections in February 1959 and they are to be held. He had hedged so often when I was there a year ago that the political leaders I met in Katmandu doubted whether he meant to hold them at all. After his father's death – the late king was sympathetic to the 1950 revolt against the Ranas – he abolished the new constitution and, as sole ruler, played a most astute game, maintaining amicable terms with all the parties and keeping them all guessing. We had a long talk in the palace. He received me charmingly and was well acquainted with this journal. When it came to brass tacks, however, he was almost always monosyllabic. I supposed, I asked him, that he looked forward to developing his backward state? Yes. Roads? Yes. Education was an urgent matter? Yes. Some hospitals and a medical service? Yes. And so on through the whole list of needs for which this most neglected and deprived people have recently become conscious. There were to be elections in February? Yes, that had been announced. At the end, after three quarters of an hour, he volunteered agreement that in these days a ruler needed the support of popular representatives. I shall follow the coming election with more than usual interest. The Ranas lost much of their political power after 1950, but kept their economic monopoly; the present (thinly disguised) party still has ample funds while the democrats are gravely hampered. What I should most like to see the next parliament do, if only as a first symbol of change, is to pull down the walls around the Rana palaces which turn the streets of Katmandu into narrow tunnels. It must be the only capital city in the world in which the public cannot see their own city. The valley with distant views of the Himalayas – from the new road outside you can see Everest – is one of the loveliest I have ever known and the architecture certainly the most extraordinary. But Nepal, in spite of the Congress revolution eight years ago, and in spite of some road building and a few other public works since then, remains feudal. It is still peopled with one of the most poverty stricken peasantries in the world. The question now is whether the revolution, so largely aborted eight years ago, is to enter another phase.

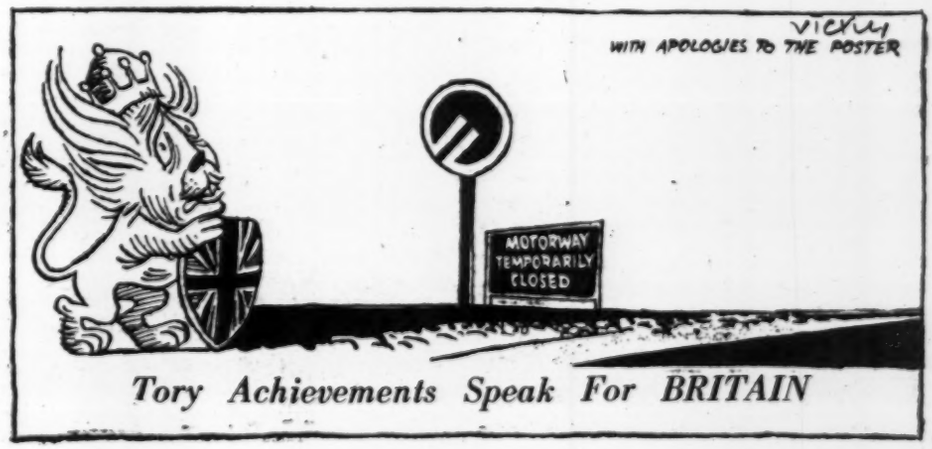
* * *

The list of speakers at the memorial meeting for G. D. H. Cole emphasises the rich and varied contribution that he made to the Labour movement. The trade unions will be represented by Jack Tanner, with whom Douglas Cole worked in the years when he was advising the A.E.U.; the Workers Educational Association by R. H. Tawney; the Labour Party by Hugh Gaitskell; and the Co-ops by R. L. Marshall. Harold Clay was one of the trade union leaders who worked with Cole when the New Fabian Research Bureau was trying, in the early Thirties, to put new life into Fabianism, and Eirene White, the chairman, belongs to the younger generation of Fabians who grew up under the Cole regime. Kingsley Martin had a long personal friendship with Cole. The meeting is at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 11 February, at the Livingston Hall, which is opposite the station at St. James's Park.

* * *

Has the government already made up its mind about the third TV network? Officially, of course, a decision has been indefinitely postponed, and there has been some suggestion that Mr Marples will set up a new commission to review the future of both TV and sound radio. But I hear a rumour that a decision in principle has already been taken – a rumour, moreover, which is very similar to those which were circulating long before the public announcement of commercial TV. It is said that the third channel will be given to commercial interests, and that the BBC will have to make do with less money and content itself with the middlebrow audience. I am sure that the commercial lobby, and the back-bench Tories, who together launched ITV, have been working to this end. And I am told that there is strong pressure for commercial sound radio as well; the plan is to set up regional stations to compete with the BBC. No doubt the government would like to have the backing of a public inquiry before it made such far-reaching changes. But if a commission is appointed, I shall look very closely at its membership and terms of reference: it might be set up to camouflage a policy already accepted by the Cabinet.

CRITIC



# This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

Many people who listened to the discussion between President Nasser and Mr Woodrow Wyatt must have wondered why he did not ask Nasser why he had objected to the intervention by Britain and France which had stopped the Israeli Army from reaching the Suez Canal.

The Egyptian Government has never shown any gratitude for the help it received at this critical period in its history, and Mr Wyatt might well have asked Nasser for the reason.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (T. M. Chalmers.)

Miss Lennox-Boyd, sister of the man with Cyprus on his shoulders, is equally single-minded.

'I'm sick of hearing about consciences,' she said fiercely. 'What we want is a real Conservative who doesn't keep seeing good in the other side.'—*Sunday Dispatch*. (P. J. Brady.)

Embarrassed Berkshire County Council officials have had to scrap hundreds of question forms sent out to expectant mothers who apply for polio injections.

Reason: In addition to their names, ages and addresses, the mothers-to-be were asked to fill in their *sex*.—*Reynolds News*. (G. T. Moody.)

Councillor V. Turton, a Socialist, suggested yesterday that Birmingham College of Arts should use 'blown-up models of plastic' instead of nude ones. He said at a meeting of Birmingham Education Committee: 'I know you have nudes in Paris and they are a joy to the eye. But in this enlightened age have we got to have nudes just because it is the done thing, at a cost of £4,000?'

He asked the Arts Sub-committee, which is to consider the matter, to see 'if there is something in employing a model who can't talk and can't run off with one of the students.'—*Daily Telegraph*. (N. Joseph.)

# Mr Butler's Landmark

LONG rumoured in the social science world, here it is at last—and no anti-climax either. The gratifying thing about *Penal Practice in a Changing Society** is that it is not merely 'a catalogue of good intentions', as *The Times* called it on Tuesday—it is a categorical statement of Home Office policy, which is not likely to be changed by another government, Tory or Labour; and if here and there it conveys the contrary impression, this may be because it sometimes reads deceptively like the report of a progressive Royal Commission, safely recommending what ought to be done in the knowledge that, for this reason and that, it never will. It would be instructive (but malicious, and we won't do it) to collect and quote all the ministerial answers of the past 15 years regretting the impracticability of nearly all the firm announcements in this monumental White Paper on penal reform.

True, it isn't comprehensive. It says nothing about special courts for the 17-to-21's (which will probably come one day); nothing about the expert surveillance of very young toughs in the junior schools; nothing about the various local schemes under which policemen deal with near-delinquent children and 'keep them out of the courts' (rumour says that the Home Office isn't much impressed with these: it has been watching them for a long time now without saying much). There is nothing about probation: that is to be the subject (at last!) of a thorough inquiry. But this plan is avowedly concerned, by way of a very sound beginning, with the enlightened development of those forms of penal treatment involving some kind of detention. It 'looks forward to the possibility of a fundamental re-examination of penal philosophy' but has the common sense to perceive that, until its Augean stables have been cleaned, penal philosophy at any level will remain an academic exercise.

The building programme will of course be the real test; nearly everything else depends on it. It is a huge project which might conceivably cost £2 to £3 millions a year for most of ten years. This sum, it has been computed, would be about a fifth of the annual value of all the goods at present stolen in transit on roads, railways, and canals in England and Wales; and no one knows the annual value of the property acquired by burglars and receivers: If the proposed building expenditure significantly reduced that loss, industry and the underwriters might think it well spent—even, perhaps, deflecting some of the money thus saved to the support of the new Institute of Criminology at Cambridge University. Cambridge, by the way, is said by the White Paper to be 'prepared, if the necessary funds can be made available, to consider the establishment' of such an institute. But since the White Paper was written, all the money has been found: the institute opens in October.

Most people knowing anything of the present problem would be glad to see the integration of the 'young prisoner' centres (Lewes, Wakefield, Liverpool) with the Borstal system. The relevant proposal about this will entail that, formally and *de jure*, the 'indeterminate sentence' is brought into English penal practice, where the use of the royal prerogative has *de facto* maintained it for centuries. The proposed new sentences of 'custodial training' would be between six months and two years (as recently suggested by the Home Office Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders); but, it seems, the courts could still pass *fixed* sentences of longer periods for graver crimes. It is worth trying.

Apart from the nightmare problem of the 6,000 men now sleeping three to a cell in the packed local prisons (which means, in fact, that the three men are usually in the cell together for 18 or 19 hours a day), the promised relief of pressure on the local prisons will begin to make it possible for a specialist staff to do what the White Paper urges:

> the examination of untried prisoners and the preparation of reports for the information of the court. . . . The classification of convicted offenders and their allocation to the type of prison which will best suit their training needs. . . . A system of classification which is based more on a study of the personalities of offenders and less on objective criteria such as previous convictions and sentences.

Next, there is the promising statement, familiar in one form or another almost everywhere except in official pronouncements on prison employment, that 'a system under which a week's hard work by a good workman may not earn him the price of a packet of cigarettes is hardly consistent with the view of the prisoner as an ordinary member of the working community'. The proposal that working prisoners in all countries should get the rate for the job is now being examined by a commission of the United Nations. The White Paper says that this would be 'no solution of the prison earnings problem until the general level of productivity and efficiency in prison industry approximates much more closely to that of outside industry'. This partly conceals the awkward truth that there can never, in the nature of the comparison and of prison economics, be such an approximation in fact; though the welcome proposal about compensating victims of violent crime is elsewhere made to appear, perhaps a little artfully, as mainly dependent on the working out of a scheme for enabling prisoners to earn the money with which to pay their victims.

Everyone applauds the imaginative plan now in operation at Bristol, Wormwood Scrubs, and other prisons, by which long-term prisoners work outside in factories and farms at the rate for the job—and pay for their prison accommodation. But I cannot believe that this will ever be more than a fringe activity—the number of suitable men will always be small. Some say that a system of state compensation to victims would involve the imposition of a highly unpopular tax, but it is hard to imagine that so merciful and indeed so elementary a principle of justice would irk the taxpayer more than petrol duty or income tax; and it has already been estimated that it would probably cost less than a penny per head per year of the entire population over 14 years of age. Still, if the kind of people likely to object can be induced to believe that prisoners will now pay for their keep as well as compensating their victims (without much talk about residuary cost to the state), official subterfuge—the art of government—could hardly be better employed.

One creation of this White Paper, the new Criminal Law Revision Committee under Lord Justice Sellers, can count (for a few years, at least, and probably for ever) on being kept even busier than the Lord Chancellor's parallel team dealing with civil law. It can also count on being the target for suggestions from me.

C. H. ROLPH

* HMSO *Cmd.* 645. 2*s.* 6*d.*

# Legality in Ghana

'THERE is one thing we should like to raise with the Minister,' says an editor across from me at the end of a long press conference. 'We have no protection for the press in this country. No proper protection. We may think we're writing in good faith, but then it turns out that the laws say we aren't.'

The Minister of Information is Kofi Baako, a slight figure wired to hidden batteries of energy and passion, who used to be a journalist himself and knew the inside of a prison in Gold Coast days. The question evidently makes a direct connection with those batteries; but this is not his first press conference. He vibrates; but he pauses. Everyone pauses with him. Press freedom or no press freedom? It is a question with many meanings, and most of them are canvassed in Ghana today.

'Sit down at your desk, and write for the country's good,' the Ministers says, 'and have no fear.'

A slow, large-bodied man of cautious habit, the questioner has another go. 'But the country's good is a matter of interpretation. I mean, what are the limits of comment, of free comment, in this country?'

Reporters from the opposition press are busily writing. The questioner is a lot too cautious for their taste, and he doesn't belong to their ranks, but he's doing all right. He says again: 'How wide are the limits we mustn't cross?'

Kofi Baako, as I mentioned, has had this sort of thing before. His slender hand vibrates above the table-top, defiantly, but he says with a grin: 'The limits—they're as wide as the law. So long as he's within the law no one will be punished.'

# the things they say!

*Hello! Where did you drop in from?*

I've just got in from Malaya. I.C.I. has a lot of customers out there. I've been giving them a hand with some of their problems.

*Does a company as big as I.C.I. really care about customers' problems — surely they're content to make a sale and collect the cash?*

Not at all! We want only *satisfied* customers, and each of our manufacturing Divisions operates a Technical Service organisation, staffed by specialists, to be sure that our products give the performance we claim and the customer expects. Many of the I.C.I. companies overseas provide a similar service of their own.

*Can anyone get this service?*

Yes; and if any I.C.I. company abroad wants an expert from the U.K. to help solve some particularly knotty problem, we send one.

*You surprise me. Operating a service like this at home and abroad must cost I.C.I. a packet.*

Roughly one and a half million pounds a year. But look at the results! By keeping the highest quality standards and backing our products with this sort of Technical Service, we've built up not only a huge trade in the home market but export business worth over £76,000,000 a year.

ICI

Then the questioner lets the opposition down. 'But that is our trouble in this country. The press here is regulated by two laws. But they're both 70 years old. When are you going to bring them up to date?'

Whether he knew it or not, the questioner was making the government's point, not the opposition's; but it is a very good point for all that. What Nkrumah and his government are now doing, with little enough political experience behind them and in face of an opposition which it would be kindly to describe as irresponsible, is to rewrite colonial law. This may seem a shocking thing to Sir Roy Welensky and other stalwarts of the imperial order; but it would be a great pity if honest people in Britain should be misled by such people, and what they say, into thinking that Ghana is in process of displacing democracy by dictatorship. What Ghana is in process of doing, as a matter of fact, is to displace a body of legislation that was antiquated, naturally repressive, and often downright dictatorial, by a body of legislation that is much less offensive and is often admirable. Such powers as the Preventive Detention Act may not belong to an ideal world; but compared with colonial governors' powers of detention, rustication, or deportation—as and when thought fit by persons who remain legally anonymous—they are, of course, a mere bagatelle.

The British, one may recall, unified the Gold Coast by seven Ashanti wars: Nkrumah and the Convention People's Party have unified Ghana, or at any rate are well on the way towards it, by tough political action and the determined use of an elected majority in parliament. The comparison is not so distant as it may seem, for what the opposition really wants in Ghana is reversion to smaller sovereignties and a parliament whose powers would be heavily qualified by chiefly privilege, especially in Ashanti. It cannot be a matter of argument that this would render impossible any effective central government; but that, after all, can seem of no importance to men who never in any case wanted independence for the Gold Coast. 'All this trouble,' a powerful Akan chief said to me at the celebration of Ghana's independence in 1957, 'began with Creech Jones. If it hadn't been for Creech Jones and the Labour party this country could have been saved. Now there is Lennox-Boyd—a great man, God be praised—but perhaps it is too late.'

So it was: and the chief in question, testing a new use for old powers a few months ago, found himself deposed. He is not the only one; but others have made their peace with the government. And now the Asantehene, the king of Ashanti, who 'could not come' to Accra while the Duchess of Kent was here for independence day, has found it well and wise to declare for a government which is loved by cocoa farmers even if hated by chiefs.

What is surprising, after all, is not that a government trying to modernise this country should have tackled the chiefs on their own ground, but that it should have succeeded with so little real trouble. Those who still complain of its political toughness should remember what it was up against in Ashanti. Krobo Edusei, while Minister of the Interior, may not have seemed an ideal choice to foreigners who met him: it remains that his own sister was shot down in cold blood by Ashanti terrorists. Yet the government has kept its hands remarkably clean and today there is peace in the land.

And what, one may well ask, would this opposition have done if it had managed to come into power? Pledged to parish-pump and particularist loyalties, it must have given free play to a process of fragmentation; and this fragmentation, especially in a country with a history like Ghana's, could only have led to an administrative chaos with worse, one may reasonably imagine, to follow. Indeed, there is a useful indication of the likely course of events in recent happenings at Abidjan and other parts of the Ivory Coast which marches with Ghana's western border. Here, indeed, Felix Houphouet-Boigny and his government have concentrated on the advancement of narrow tribal loyalties and the protection of chiefly privilege; and are at one with the opposition in Ghana in their bitter dislike and distrust of Nkrumah and his policies. As one would expect, a comparison between Ghana and the Ivory Coast therefore makes odd reading; but the balance of progress is not with Houphouet-Boigny and the Ghana opposition. Where the balance really lies can be quickly seen from a comparison of deportation figures. Nkrumah's government has deported 50 persons, of whom some, it seems generally agreed, were plain straightforward rogues, but of whom none was the victim of tribal vendetta.

In the Ivory Coast, by contrast—this Ivory Coast which today stands so well with Conservative opinion and in which they speak of Ghana or Guinea as one speaks of the devil—deportations over the past few weeks have certainly reached the figure of 14,000 and may be as many as 20,000; and all of these were the victims of tribal vendetta. Having spent some years in promoting Ivory Coast separatism from its neighbours (but not from France), Houphouet-Boigny's government has reaped a harvest of tribal riot in which Dahomey and Togoland immigrants were attacked, assaulted, driven out, and generally abused on the grounds that they were foreigners who had 'come in and taken all the jobs'. Some 4,000 of these refugees have since crossed into Ghana where, one may note, they are at present maintained by the public purse.

If Nkrumah's administrative unification of Ghana is not beyond criticism—and of course it isn't—the fact remains that it has deliberately and systematically carried public opinion away from the whirlpool of tribalism and outward to larger and hopeful ideas and aspirations. And meanwhile, along with this difficult steering and liberating process, the bad old laws are being redrawn. In 1958 the Ghana parliament passed no fewer than 47 acts and went a long way towards giving this country a modern legal framework. Some of these laws deserve little admiration; but when they err on the side of illiberalism they do so not away from British practice, at any rate as known in Ghana, but towards it. And if Ghana's new trade union laws seem questionable, who, one may ask, gave Mr Tettegah his ideas if not the ICFTU and Israel?

Behind the horrible Corinthian columns of Ghana's Supreme Court, moreover, another aspect of this legality deserves some mention. As well as producing new laws, Ghana is also producing new lawyers. At first sight this might seem, among a people so furiously given to litigation as these, an unnecessary service; yet it is evidently true that villages and smaller towns are usually without men who will be capable of applying modern laws to commerce and farming, magistrature and civil service. Under the auspices of the Attorney-General, Mr Geoffrey Bing, QC, a new law school has taken shape—the first vocational law school, I am assured, in any part of the continent; and 60 students—their number will be larger as resources expand—are now at the beginning of a three-year course. After two years they will be expected to take an examination equivalent to the English bar finals; and the whole cost of their fees will be about £200. In thus providing a heavy subsidy for the production of magistrates, the government of Ghana, if it is really bent on dictatorship, is certainly going an odd way about it.

BASIL DAVIDSON

*Abidjan, Ivory Coast.*

# The Speleologist from Space

A LONG time ago I had an affair with a girl called Daisy. She lived in Partridge Green, in a large house with a garden of weeds; and the rooms were scattered with all sorts of objects like discarded ball-dresses, tapestry outfits, garden equipment, guitars, shoes, unfinished manuscripts, puppets, crucifixes and pickaxes, lanterns and coils of rope. Most of these objects had something to do with Daisy, because she was always studying some new enterprise but never completing it—like ballet dancing, weaving or writing biographies. But some of the paraphernalia undoubtedly belonged to her husband, George—the pickaxes, for instance, and lanterns. He was a professional speleologist and was at the time I met Daisy investigating the source of an underground lake in the Cotswolds. A few days before I arrived at the house, he had written Daisy a letter: 'All well, but have had slight concussion from bumping into a stalactite. A splendid specimen but awkward to meet like that. Laid up in the tent for a while on the surface. Now down again as I've found one of the outlets.' A small neat map drawn in red and black ink followed the letter. Daisy threw it into the kitchen fire.

Whenever any symptom of profane love appears on my horizon, I stop everything, go on social strike, give up writing (since half the business of writing is rattling the tedious card-index of recollection), and wallow in the present of the double bed. With the years, this present lasts for a shorter and shorter time. Twenty years ago it could last a year; then it got down to six months; then three months, and finally, a month was the most I could squeeze out of it. So I was surprised by the duration of Daisy. But one day I was gazing at her in the bath (after removing six old canvases from the mat) when she told me about Madge, Laura and Phyllis, and I felt a shower of cold air.

'There was Madge first in some caves in Northumberland,' she said, 'and Lily in the Pennines, and others whose names I don't even know.'

I was somehow amazed. 'But all this doesn't go with caves,' I said.

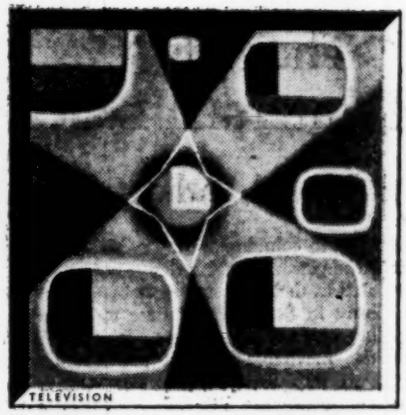
'Why not?' asked Daisy. 'Haven't you heard of cave-men? All speleologists are notoriously over-sexed.'

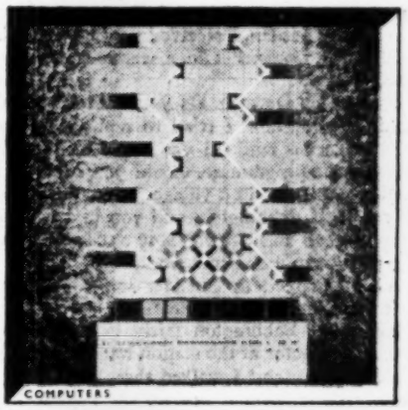
A week later there was a sound of heavy boots in the house and more gear being thrown about. 'It's George,' said Daisy. 'He knows everything.'

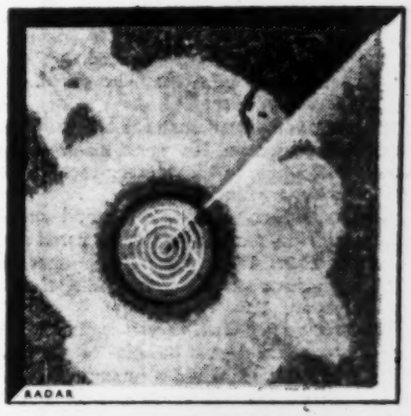
'Everything? How has he found out?'

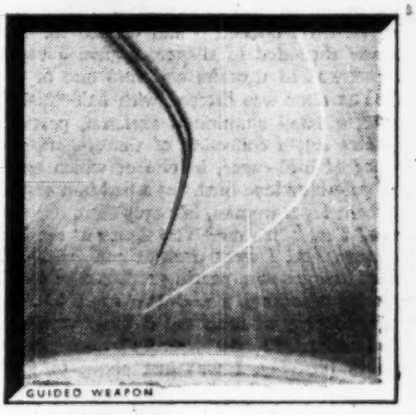
'I wrote him a letter,' she said.

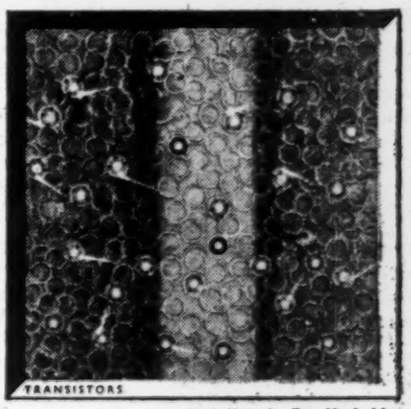
George was a tall slim man whose movement and eyes had something of Outer Space. He could have originated in one of the galaxies in the Milky Way, where life almost approximated to our own. But not quite. It was not really possible to know what he was thinking. 'I had just discovered one of the key inlets,' he said, 'and then I received this letter. Daisy wants to run away






*Paintings by Roy Nockolds*

# Working with us

If you were a science graduate working with us, you would find yourself at the very hub of a virile and expanding industry. For ours is an organisation which is making a unique contribution to progress in electronics.

In the seven Mullard research, development and applications laboratories, scientists are engaged on a diversity of projects which include electronic valves and semiconductors, radar and telecommunications, radio and television, automatic control devices and computer memories, particle accelerators and ultrasonics.

In sixteen modern factories, they are making an important contribution to the production of valves, tubes, transistors and components (which flow from these plants in their millions) and specialised electronic equipment.

This is the stimulating environment in which you would find unusual opportunities for advancement, satisfying work and very good conditions of employment.

Would you like to work with us? There are openings for graduate mechanical and electrical engineers, physicists, chemists and metallurgists. Why not ask for a copy of our book 'Opportunities in Electronics' which is obtainable through your University Appointments Board?

**Mullard** *Progress in Electronics*

**Mullard Ltd., Mullard House, Torrington Place, London, W.C.1**

MP5478

with you. Apparently your mechanism is better than mine.'

'I'm sure it isn't,' I said, amazed.

'What are your intentions?' he asked.

'I don't know,' I said.

'How are you placed financially? Daisy is rather an expensive person.' He waved his arms around all the bric-à-brac in the drawing-room and gave me an oblique Milky-Way look.

'I am a writer,' I said, half-proud and half-ashamed. I was aware that George cared nothing for the terrible islands of the writer—there probably were none on his planet. But there was certainly hard cash.

'Writing is a good trick, if you can make money,' he said slowly and gave the hint of a smile.

'Not me,' I said. 'I am a humorous writer.'

'Humorous, eh?' said George. 'I think the only thing for me to do is to stay on for a while and see what happens to Daisy. Where her needle points, and so on.' I agreed, and we both stayed on for another couple of months. But it was all over. George spent most of his time writing reports and making occasional Milky-Way conversation. And in a peculiar way I began to sense something of the life on his planet. I even ended by deciding that I had once inhabited it myself, but in another country and speaking a different language.

Years passed, and I was back in London. I was now over 50, and both love and magic were becoming very intermittent, the written word horribly fugitive—as if I had to search the pavements for commas. I had just published a book; and, as it rose to the surface, a new and massive world vertigo sent it to the bottom again among the sediment of public libraries and academic press-cuttings. However, I was approached by the television people and agreed to make an appearance in a Nottingham studio. A few minutes after I had performed in front of mock-French windows and a summer garden, I received a telephone call.

'Is that Mr Carson?' said a woman's voice.

'It is,' I said.

'This is Ruby Dawson. Do you remember me? We met in Brighton.' I tried to remember, but couldn't. 'I have read all your work and have just seen your programme. Could you come and stay with me? I live in a village near Northampton. It's called Babbington, and you just ask for me at the Rose and Crown. Stay as long as you like and you could do some work.'

I hardly stopped to consider—all adventures seem to offer solutions. I said 'Yes'.

I arrived at Babbington fairly late at night. The ticket-collector at the station told me how to reach the house, and I walked through the owl-picketed village, over a bridge, up a short hill and saw the white cottage in front of me. I knocked at the door for some time, but there was no answer. So I opened it and walked in. The house was shrouded in silence. I gave a vague shout and walked upstairs and into one of the rooms. The floor was littered with half-finished sculpture, a small aluminium skeleton, parts of a carpentry set, a collection of flower-pots and a number of bird-cages, in one of which sat a pensive pale-blue love-bird. On a bed in a corner of the room lay a woman, her eyes shut.

'Hullo,' I said, 'it's me.' The figure in the bed didn't move, and I went over to her. 'Hullo,' I repeated. I bent down, peering at her. She didn't seem to be breathing. Panic-stricken, I left the room, wondering what to do. A clock down in the village struck 12, and absurdly I remembered it was my birthday. I was just about to walk back to the village when I heard a voice call out. I returned to the bedroom, and there was Ruby Dawson—sitting up now. I remembered her only vaguely; but she was pretty, a kind of half-tamed metropolitan squirrel.

I put my arm around her with the terrible facility of beginning. 'I took too many sleeping pills,' she said. 'I am always trying to sleep life away.' Five minutes later, as if the bed was a train to the sea, I was deep in the sheets. 'No!' she cried with the fervour almost of a novitiate, 'No. It's out of the question.' She started crying, then stopped, lit a cigarette and looked at me.

'It's my birthday,' I said urgently. This made her laugh, and then she put out the cigarette.

'Is it really your birthday?' she asked, 'or do you say that to everyone?'

'It is, honestly,' I said. The sleeping car began to move out of the station.

I gave it a week on the fast-moving express, comfortable and delightful as it was. As usual, I could do no work, I was trying to find out where we were going. What was the name of the station? Was it life, or love or the enemy who hooted in the night-tree? And was it another of those plots against the solitary writer, sure only of his private code? Everyone finds one out, that is certain. On the third day I went to the Rose and Crown, had rather a lot to drink and then rambled back to the cottage. When I switched on the light, I could see that something was wrong. The hall was full of gear—pickaxes, lanterns, coils of rope and grappling hooks. A lunar pain gripped my stomach and I could hear the owl hooting in the orchard. Upstairs in the bedroom there was a sound of crying and then silence.

The next morning, after I had slept in the spare room, George and I had breakfast in the kitchen. He was off to some caves 20 or 30 miles away. 'Not a word of this to Daisy,' he said, with a sidelong glance, full of planetary pride.

'Of course not,' I said.

ANTHONY CARSON


**Dear Sir,**

Take every day the leading newspapers from all over the world. Extract systematically their reports on all the important events in Politics, Economics, Social Questions. Condense these to their salient points, stripped of journalistic trimmings, stating sources in every case. Add a liberal sprinkling of statistics, charts, diagrams, tables. Quote verbatim essential speeches, communiqués, agreements, etc. Check and counter-check each item against the others, verifying every point with the aid of governmental press releases and official documents. Translate the non-English data into English. Index and cross-index all entries alphabetically in scholarly manner. Add detailed references to previous entries on the same subject. Present the whole material every week in clear-cut columns on durable paper in loose-leaf issues for filing in a special binding case. Base all this, if you can, on 25 years' specialized experience in "scientific chronicling" and you have—

Yours factually,

KEESING'S

**P.S.** In case you can't, just fill in the coupon!

**Keesing's Publ. Ltd. · Keynsham · Bristol**
Please supply free details of your News-plus-Reference Service.
Name.....
Address ..... N 81. 75


# The Arts and Entertainment

## New Model Parliament

THE exhibition to commemorate Le Corbusier's seventieth birthday is now in London, a little awkwardly installed in the attics and elsewhere at the Building Centre in Store Street. Like too many other touring architectural shows, it consists chiefly of the inevitable fold-up photographic panels, but on this occasion they are at least dimensioned according to Le Corbusier's *Modulor* method, and they are supported by paintings, tapestries and sculptures that give marginal illumination to his main work as an architect, and by a group of models that put the exhibition in a class apart.

Models have a peculiar standing in the mental life of architecture—they provide a vital three-dimensional break-through from what Le Corbusier has called the Illusion of Plans, the tyranny of two dimensional draughtsmanship; but they bring with them new falsifications of their own, against which there are not—as with drawings—established conventional safeguards. Every architect knows how to 'read' a plan, but most behave like laymen in front of models. The first difficulty lies in materials—you can't work on a table-top scale in reinforced concrete, glass, or what-not; yet your surrogates will have different physical and visual properties and crucial subtleties will be lost or exaggerated.

Oddly, though, there are a few Corbusian buildings that can be modelled without this caveat. There is a striking visual congruence between the model of the Chinnabai house in Ahmedabad, and the photographs of the Shobdan house and the Millowners' building, both also in Ahmedabad and built in the same slab-concrete technique—yet the model is in wood. There is good reason for this: a European tradition going back to the pioneers of reinforced concrete, a tradition justly abused by engineers like Felix Candela, a tradition of thinking about concrete as if it were not a mouldable plastic, but a plank-stiff material like wood. Le Corbusier has spasms of working in this way, of designing in concrete slabs and posts without fillets or brackets at the joins, as if he were cementing together a balsa-wood model, and nowadays he heightens the effect by using unplaned wood for shuttering, so that the grain prints off on the surface of the concrete.

But even here, the difficulties of translating the scale of the model up to that of the completed building remain, much more so than with drawings (which are so obviously abstractions) because models are so obviously things in their own right, tangible and often admirable as independent works of art. With the Indian models this is particularly true, not only for the quality of the craftsmanship of model-makers like Dani Ram and Rattan Singh, but also for the formal qualities of the models themselves. For instance, the model of the Parliament house at Chandigarh, or the church at Ronchamp, with their variously shaped roof-structures, so seductively resemble Le Corbusier's early drawings (they are around you on the walls) re-done in wood, that they would be a competitive exhibit in any show of abstract sculpture.

These Indian models deserve study, especially those that deal with the project for Chandigarh, the new administrative capital for the East Punjab. Beside the Parliament House model there is also one of the Governor's Palace, a complex and im-

penetrable design that yields little to outward view, and – most important of all – the layout model of the entire governmental area and its buildings which faces you as you leave on the left. This one needs working on, with care, and active defence against its diversionary attractions as a work of sculpture – a vast baseboard, grooved, slotted, recessed, chamfered and scored by representations of roads and underpasses and water, ornamented with free forms in a different wood that look like the clouds in a Léger painting, here representing artificial hills raised on the featureless plain; minute wood chips, twists of wire and what appear to be children's building blocks, representing monuments, arches and such; and four objects recognisable as models of buildings – the Governor's Palace, Parliament, the Courts of Justice, and the Secretariat. Recognisable as buildings – but still small enough to balance on the hand.

Even when you have disciplined your æsthetic responses to the model as a work of art, you still have the problem of appreciating the true scale of the work it represents. The Secretariat building is nearly 300 yards long; together with the other buildings of the legislature it stands in a compound some 1,000 yards square; and from the Secretariat to the High Court, standing in its own compound outside that of the legislature, is 1,100-odd yards by the roads indicated – a tidy walk for an unmotorised Punjabi in search of Justice.

The origins of this vast scale are things to speculate about. Was it contagious megalomania from Lutyens's empty-hearted New Delhi; is it congenital agrophilia in Corb himself (compare the equally wide-open model for the centre of St Dié) or is it left over from the original plan for Chandigarh – hushed up by the exhibition catalogue – by Alfred Mayer and the late, brilliant Matthew Nowicki, for they also envisaged vast platforms, pools and perspectives of a similar scale? Wherever it came from, there it is. But how is one to appreciate it from a model that the eye embraces as easily as a table for two? Well, it won't do you any harm to go down on your knees in front of a work of genius, even in capsule form, and with your eye at the level of the baseboard you can, with an effort of mind, comprehend the orders of architectural magnitude that are involved. When you stand up again, the same degree of effort will enable you, for a moment or two, to see it as a city viewed from an aeroplane, and appreciate that its divisions mark out, not squares of hardboard, but acres of dusty land.

Now, too, you can grasp its rhetorical nature, and appreciate that the two compounds, pegged out at the corners by obelisks standing in the middle of nothing in particular, like uranium claims in the desert, belong to a town-planning tradition that may well have Mogul origins, but certainly has roots also in Le Corbusier's admiration for Louis Quatorze and the abstract autarchy of a line drawn on the map and signed '*Tel est mon bon plaisir*'. But this is the planning of absolute monarchy, not of parliamentary democracy. The buildings themselves seem to me to make democratic gestures, the over-all plan that enframes them seems to work, symbolically, but only as the record of two dominating personalities, Le Corbusier's and Nehru's, shaking hands and saying '*Tel est notre bon plaisir* – to create our Capitol thus, and thus'. There is only one other comparable work in the world – Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil – and there too a democracy abdicated the creation of its ultimate civic symbol to the *bon plaisir* of a single man, Lucio Costa. That too works, architecturally, but I don't think I like the lesson that these two projects seem to compel democrats to accept.

REYNER BANHAM

People like JACK and JACK and JACK
ARE WORTH MILLIONS
They have added well over £500 million to the nation's *net* savings in twelve years through industrial life assurance. Ten million families save in this way, with the help of the Home Service Insurance Man. Together, they form a great thrift movement that helps people to help the nation by helping themselves.
Issued by the Industrial Life Offices Association

# Rare and Common

*Danton's Death* is a rare kind of drama. First, it is a political play whose power is imaginative and human, not programmatic. Second, although Georg Büchner wrote it in five weeks when he was 21 – he died in 1837, aged 23, leaving *Wozzeck* unfinished – it has none of the usual marks of precocious genius; it is neither self-conscious, nor immature, nor derivative. It is also rare for the good reason that it has never before been produced professionally in this country. The new 59 Theatre Company and their director, Casper Wrede, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, couldn't have chosen a more important or tougher play to show off their considerable abilities.

*Danton's Death* is difficult in every way: in its form, its content, its technique and in the kind of parts it offers. It is an analysis of the French Revolution in terms of the men who created it. It is also about the corruption and logic and boredom of power and revolutionary politics, caught at the moment when the first idealism – Liberty, Equality and Fraternity – had given way to the Terror. On one side is Robespierre with his dialectical, almost abstract cruelty, based on conceit and fear, at heart a little childish in his self-absorbed virtue. On the other is Danton, bored, sardonic, guilty, arrogant and deliberately dissipated. It sounds all very simple, yet their conflict is curiously oblique. They face each other only once, and that briefly. For Büchner was less interested in the arguments of politics than in its psychology. Very little actually happens, but a great deal is revealed about the springs of action.

This puts an enormous strain on the actors; they are hardly on the stage before they begin going down, down into their obscurest, most painful motives. Miss Penelope Horner, for instance, as a prostitute, very striking in her short nightdress and long blonde hair, has hardly been kissed by Danton before she leans back in bed and discourses on the nature of voluptuousness. Miss Avril Elgar has one brief scene as a sensitive wife and then has to appear in the full spate of madness (not so convincing this, since Büchner seems to have been inspired here less by *Hamlet* than by *Venice Preserved*). With Danton himself not a twist or hesitation of his complexity has been left out. But Mr Patrick Wymark carries this burden with great assurance. He establishes from the start a tone of contained, ironic intelligence from which all his flippancy, lassitude, indignation and oratory emerge as parts of a coherent, natural strength. He has given Danton the Shakespearean stature Büchner obviously intended; one can't say better than that.

It is a pity that Robespierre is made, in comparison, such a trivial little puppet. Mr Harold Lang, apparently, doesn't like the man, and so he plays him with the squeaky self-importance of a spoilt child. When he has the stage to himself for his great soliloquy in Scene 5, Mr Lang is compelling enough; but with other actors present he seems merely grotesque. For he has made Robespierre into a lopsided parody, while everyone else is intent on the humanity of their parts – as though he had intruded from another play altogether. It is left to Mr Patrick McGoohan, as St Just, Robespierre's *éminence grise*, to justify the extremists of the Revolution by his impressively cold sanity. There are a number of other good performances, particularly those of James Maxwell, who also translated and adapted the play, and Lee Fox who, as Tom Paine, appears once, makes one of the best speeches in the play, and then is seen no more.

*Danton's Death* unfolds less as a plot than as a series of close-ups, taking one deeper and deeper into the psychology of the protagonists. With the help of some clever lighting and a suggestive backdrop by Malcolm Pride, the director has staged the play with exactly the fluidity and pace this kind of dramatic impressionism demands. If it still seems bitty and over-compressed, that is Büchner's fault, not Mr Wrede's. *Danton's Death* is one of those plays that will perhaps never achieve its full power until it is filmed. But still, it is not often that London gets its first look at a work of this stature, particularly one that is already 130-odd years old.

If the two plays at the Arts succeed, that is almost despite themselves. Their success is due to Mr Peter Hall's directing, Mr Tom Keogh's decors and some good acting by Elizabeth Sellars, Denholm Elliott, Joyce Carey and, at times, Douglas Wilmer; there is also a small child, Hugh James, who is very game.

But the plays are M. Anouilh at his most tiresome. *Madame De . . . .* is a knowing little romance about terribly rich, awfully sophisticated Parisian socialites. It ends with Miss Sellars fashionably expiring for love and a pair of diamond ear-rings, her husband standing cynically on one side of her bed, her lover, stiff and tragic, on the other. It is a harmless piece of fluff, elegantly staged as a kind of Yellow Book pantomime. *Traveller Without Luggage* is, on the surface, more serious. A nice young man (Mr Denholm Elliott) has lost his memory in the war. So in the asylum he has imagined his lost youth for himself, according to M. Anouilh's usual formula: all innocence, friendship and love of nature. Then he discovers that he was in fact a murderous little swine who had seduced his brother's wife, tortured and killed wild animals, slept with the slavey, crippled his only friend and fought savagely with his mother. With a certain understandable self-pity he will have none of all this. But his sister-in-law mistress explains to him that living with one's nastiness is part of the labour of being grown-up. For a moment it seems as though M. Anouilh is going to brave the bleak, cold waters of adult choice. But at the last moment a god – in the shape of a small boy looking for the lavatory – descends in a machine and carries the hero off to the Never-Never Land of blissful irresponsibility, leaving the ravaged family to make the best of it. Moral: if you can't beat 'em, don't join 'em; or, if you don't want the relations, don't muck 'em abaht.

A. ALVAREZ

Leipzig Fair, in the German Democratic Republic, will be more representative than ever this spring. 10,000 exhibitors from 40 countries are taking part, and visitors from all over the world are coming to see the diplays and do business. *What's your Line?* Machine Tools? Glassware? Chemicals? Optical Instruments? Whatever it is, you'll find that Leipzig Fair is worth a visit!

1st-10th MARCH

LEIPZIG FAIR

TECHNICAL FAIR & SAMPLE FAIR

Special flights by KLM and SABENA, through bookings by LOT Polish Airlines. Full information, including details of the free Suppliers' Directory Service, from

Leipzig Fair Agency, Dept. W5., 127 Oxford Street, W.1.

# Me Too

'I THINK most people were a little frustrated at not seeing some pictures they couldn't understand.' Thus, wittily, one of the thousand or so entries in the Comment Book for visitors at the Russian exhibition. This book makes much better reading than the reviews: there is more honesty and less covering up. It also reveals certain general trends in public opinion. Naturally there are crank entries, but on the whole it seems that a lot of people have seized this opportunity of saying something serious to those who will study the book in Moscow. (It was the Russians' idea to supply it.)

The proportion of favourable comments to highly critical ones is about 3 to 1. Very different from newspaper comment. Amongst the appreciative there are clearly a number of political sympathisers on the one hand, and a number of old-guard art-lovers on the other. The first send fraternal greetings. The second thank God that art has stayed 'sane' somewhere in the world. But the majority who enjoyed the exhibition belong to neither of these groups. They are mostly less articulate than those who complain, but they also show off less: 'Glad I came.' 'Thank you.' 'What a wonderful light you have.' Sometimes they reply to the indignant. Underneath 'The most vulgar exhibition', another visitor has written, 'I most emphatically disagree'; another has added 'Me too', then yet another 'Me too'.

Behind this enthusiasm one can feel both curiosity and surprise. Every six months nowadays the public is in some way or another surprised by the Russian news. Not usually because the news is so unpredictable, but because what is normally read is so false, not necessarily in fact but in assumption. This surprise is epitomised by the following: 'The main thing which I dreaded in the thought of Communism was the loss of individuality in man. Now I have seen these pictures I realise there is no danger of this'. Perhaps a few Americans are now saying the same kind of thing having seen Mikoyan.

Of the unfavourable comments most are written on the assumption that we here are unquestionably in a superior position. 'Poor Old Russia.' 'How are the mighty fallen!' – rather aptly, I thought, signed Coleridge. 'The steady deterioration since the thirteenth century has been greatly accelerated by the Soviet experiment.' Often, reading these, one thinks of a schoolmaster's reports. 'Except for the ikons – unfortunate.' Or 'Icons good. Otherwise indifferent'. One looks over the page expecting to find: 'Should try harder'. Opinions like these are well answered by a Ukrainian who, writing in his own language, says they make him laugh because the writers believe they're talking about the exhibition, whereas in fact 'they're talking about Rule, Britannia'.

There are, however, two recurring points made by the indignant which are worth more serious consideration. The first concerns the comparison between Deineka's famous *Defence of Petrograd* (1928) and his more recent *Relay Race* (1947). Probably about 100 entries emphasise how bad this last picture is, and hint that the apparent contrast between the two is the result of state interference. Time and again the *Relay Race* is condemned as blatant propaganda. But in fact there is a good deal of confused appreciation and thinking here. The *Relay Race* is no more a propaganda picture than many others in the show. The point is that it is very badly painted – in the manner of certain milk-beverage advertisements. Thus it confirms the belief that propaganda equals bad art. Yet this is an illusion: witness David, Mayakovsky, Chaplin and dozens of others. Further, the contrast is false. The Petrograd canvas is not a good painting. Its silhouetted composition, owing a lot to Futurism and probably also to Eisenstein, is dramatic and appeals to our taste for severe simplifications. But look behind the simplifications and you'll see that the movements of the figures and the painting of the hands and faces are as weak as in the later work. It is simply that most people interested in art find a bad exercise vaguely deriving from Cubism more acceptable than a bad exercise vaguely deriving from Poussinesque classicism. Bureaucratic interference has damaged the work of some Soviet artists (just as success has damaged the work of some Western artists), but Deineka is not one of these, and the fact that so many people have been taken in by a merely stylistic variation shows only too well how difficult it is for the real values created by modern Western art to be properly and widely understood – which is, of course, the main Soviet complaint about these values.

The other interesting point, made fairly frequently, is this: You aren't any good at art anyway, so why not stick to Sputniks? The reason why this is interesting is that it reveals the defensiveness behind the assumed superiority. Until fairly recently all that the Russians were credited with was their 'heroic soul'; otherwise they were clumsy and backward. Remember the famous Russian steam-roller? Now that their scientific and technological skill can no longer be denied, this takes the place of the soul as their single and unique quality. Always their culture must stand for just one thing – in contrast to the West's which is comprehensive and general. The logical outcome of this way of thinking is that finally we shall be left with the soul and the Russians with everything else.

The best remark I read on this exhibition was Philip O'Connor's: 'There is a possibility that your art is newer than it appears to us'.

JOHN BERGER

## Worth Doing, Well Done

It isn't often that books sent through the post to film-critics are, as they say, calculated to bring delight. *The Return of Frankenstein* reached me this way. But then, a few days ago, I received a copy of *The Horse's Mouth*, and not having read it for five years I started again. I should have done so even if Mr Guinness's film hadn't been upon us. Very soon again it was borne in on me that here was the best English comic novel of the last fifty years; a belief with which I've set out before and which another re-perusal only very triflingly diminishes. Gulley Jimson has a lingo, a nipping-along visionary way of his own; he's as real a painter as he is scallywag; and that is a measure of Joyce Cary's achievement.

But of course in the film (to be found at the Gaumont) the paintings must be *seen;* and this creates another if no less mountainous difficulty. The film-makers have not shirked it. They commissioned John Bratby to paint those works on which the tale hinges: 'Sarah in the Bath', 'Adam and Eve', 'Lazarus', and the 'Creation' which becomes here a 'Last Judgment'. A catalogue of these, admirably reproduced, accompanied the gift of the book; indeed the pictures come out rather better than on the screen. Not that, in my cinema seat, I complain. Those walls deserve to be looked at as much as their raffish master, who of course is Alec Guinness in yet another of his strange guises. He trots with an old fellow's trot; he can't help going into telephone boxes and pestering his ex-patron as the Duchess of Blackpool, while pulling at his larynx and casting a wicked side-glance which freezes at the sight of a bobby; he pinches old Sarah's bum, and Mr Hickson's jade figurine; he has a scruffy pussycat way of looking down, talks out of a disused coal-mine, gets swept away by Feet, loves a virgin wall as a fly does a newly cleaned window. To bring such a personage before audiences and keep him going is a feat no one but Guinness could even have attempted. The poetry as well as the comedy engrosses him. If we miss anything at all in this characterisation, it is the low improvisations in speech and act: Gulley's bus-riding and postcard-selling propensities have been dropped, as also – more seriously – has Coker's baby.

But then Coker herself, even if at first glance


# How to choose a good executor . . .

So much will be required of him. Your estate must be wound up quickly, efficiently and in strict accordance with your wishes, yet no worry or responsibility must lie upon the shoulders of your family. Your assets must be safeguarded, yet no friend or relative should be burdened with the technical and administrative problems involved. And always there must be available a sympathetic adviser to whom your dependants can turn in time of need . . . Those are the requirements; and all of them are fulfilled when you

# . . . appoint MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE CO. LTD

*The Manager of any branch of the Midland Bank or of the Trustee Company will gladly give you further details and arrange for confidential discussions; or you may write direct to Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd., Head Office, 6 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2.*

one could have wished her more squatly tubular, has found the almost perfect exponent in Kay Walsh. The whole visit to Sarah (more than well played by Renée Houston) is a masterpiece, and so would the whole film have been but for two things. One is that Guinness's Gulley doesn't, despite brilliance, transcend quite as it should. The other is that the script, though for seven-eighths of the way its selects, compresses and even adds its own fun, impeccably, is spoilt by a poor beginning (Gulley coming out of prison and, met by his stuttering pupil, trying to get back) and an ending which involves his bulldozing down his own chapel wall and sailing off under Tower Bridge quoting not Blake but Chesterton.

Both these intrusions are shocking in themselves and quite out of character. In fact, they look like the work of a second hand (only Guinness's name appears as script-writer) overversed in the commonplaces of Ealing comedy. The end especially is a vile reversal. Gulley's biggest wall *must* fall on Gulley, just as Paycock's last word must be 'chassis'. As a Cary fan I really can't forgive this calculated redemption.

However, gratitude to Guinness, who has brought this odd masterpiece to the screen, with Ronald Neame as director, must far outweigh any fault-finding. It needed courage and skill and love to undertake; and the result is a British film that for once can really call itself English.

Britishry finds its leading embodiment once more gracing celluloid in *The Lady is a Square* (Warner's). This is not one of Miss Anna Neagle's vintage pieces; she only smiles on Eaton Square, and opposes her symphony orchestra to the onset of rock 'n' roll – giving way (I am sorry to report) in the end. But there *are* moments. My favourite is when she sits down, hands out of view, to play a few bars of Beethoven, nodding wisely and graciously the while.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## Learning to Look

THERE is at least one department of television in which some common sense in programming is shown – television for schools. The BBC and ITV programmes for schools are so timed that they do not overlap: at present the BBC is on for 25 minutes at 2.5 p.m., ITV for 28 minutes at 2.43.

What I have seen of both of these services lately has been remarkably good; there is, indeed, a fair amount of eavesdropping by adult viewers who happen to be at home in the afternoon. Animals notoriously make the best television, and the BBC's series, *Mammals in Britain*, has included some beautiful documentary material on seals, badgers, and other beasts. Associated-Rediffusion treats them a little less 'straight', inquiring, for instance, why cats fascinate artists and accompanying film of a falcon (in a programme on flight) with the appropriate Hopkins. In a BBC series, intended to encourage children to use their eyes, the handling, again, is realistic: the *Making and Shaping* of several sorts of thing – clay, glass, metal – has been explained by John Berger. His programme on metal made me wish I had been born forty years later than I was: the children of today are lucky indeed to be able to absorb so much useful general knowledge so painlessly – and not merely painlessly but delightfully; for Berger had with him two expert metal-workers, one (Jock Morrison) to cast a wheel in front of our eyes, the other (Bert Beavis) to weld bronze ('like melting sealing-wax, but much hotter'), and it was fun for all concerned when Mr Berger tried his quasi-'prentice hand and said 'Heavens! What was I doing wrong?' and Mr Beavis said 'Everything'.

More time each day, however, is devoted to schools on sound-radio than on BBC TV. Probably few adults eavesdrop on these rather more conventional 'lessons'; but the series on *Current Affairs* attracts a certain amount of criticism. Mr Michael Stewart, MP, has exposed in some detail a strong right-wing bias in last autumn's series on modern British history. An item on Dungeness and the siting of nuclear power-stations was less 'loaded' than the *Panorama* item which I criticised recently, but still presented the issue as a simple one of power *v* birds omitted to question the Government directive on siting.

A serious loss to the BBC's TV for schools is the departure to ITV of Miss Enid Love. I gather that her decision to leave the BBC – which may have been, in some ways, a painful one, since she is by nature a 'public-service' rather than a 'commercial' person – was by way of a frustrated protest against the BBC's administrative set-up in educational broadcasting. Perhaps for the mechanical reasons that sound came first, and takes up more time, the BBC's TV for schools is under the control of a 'sound' man (who has two assistants, one for sound, one for TV). This is a characteristic, but surely not incurable, fault of the BBC bureaucracy.

* * *

According to Shakespeare, it is superfluous 'to gild refined *gold*, to paint the lily'. Many misquoters gild the *lily*. It was left to Derek Hart (*Tonight*, Monday) to gild the pill – the most indigestibly mixed metaphor I have heard in a BBC programme since the Governor of the Bank of England, in *At Home and Abroad*, spoke of 'bolstering up liquidity'.

TOM DRIBERG

## Quartet and Opera

WHILST we are starving for good string quartets in this country, the Czechs seem to produce one ensemble after another of the most remarkable quality. The Vlach, the Janacek and the Smetana quartets have all been here within the last year or so, setting a standard quite beyond the reach of our own string players, with the single exception of the Amadeus. What is the explanation? Partly, no doubt, that the Czechs are more innately musical in a practical sense than we are; a stringed instrument comes as naturally to them as a cricket bat to us. But I suspect that they must also have great teachers. To play with an impassioned regard for one's instrument is one thing; to have acquired complete technical mastery and a cultivated and aristocratic style is quite another. And of the three quartets I have mentioned, I think the Smetana display these qualities to the fullest degree. Like the Kolisch Quartet in the old days, they play from memory. I have no idea how large their repertory is, but the Kolisch knew about sixty works, and their technique of preparation was interesting. They never bought individual parts, but each player had a score and learned it in every detail before rehearsing with the others. The first time they met to play a new work they already knew it from memory. This is a discipline which has great advantages for those who can live up to it. It means that they are likely to have a more fundamental knowledge of the music than others who remain glued to the notes; that in working alone they avoid the usual routine of all rehearsal and no practice, which so easily leads to a deterioration of standards; and that they can sit closer together, listen more intently to each other, blend more perfectly, and be freer to concentrate on the subtleties of timing and articulation which go to make a great performance. All these qualities were evident in last Sunday's recital by the Smetana Quartet. Also a superb rhythmic vitality, with the cellist outstanding. I don't think they were quite at home with Mozart's C major quartet; but Janacek No. 2 and the famous E minor of Smetana could hardly have been better done.

* * *

On the second night of *Salome* there were so many empty seats in my part of the house that I wondered why Covent Garden didn't make the best of a bad job and fill out the programme with something really enterprising, such as Schonberg's *Erwartung*. This would have had the advantage of introducing a masterpiece to London opera-goers, and of giving Helge Pilarczyk a role in which she excels to a far greater degree than in that of Salome; though *Erwartung* would inevitably show up anything shoddy in the Strauss, and make its 90 minutes seem like 190. It seemed pretty interminable as it was. The orchestra played well, but in a noble style which made the music sound about as brilliant and convulsive as Brahms. The lighting evidently tried to make up for this mistake. The principal singers had to struggle with English, and Herod with a cumbrous and hideous costume as well. Only Helge Pilarczyk gave a performance of true distinction. She had not quite the vocal quality or the carrying power that is needed, but acted superbly and sang with great artistry.

WILLIAM GLOCK


India WELCOMES YOU

Today the splendours of the gorgeous East may be visited and enjoyed amid modern comforts.

Travel in India is easy, efficient and cool, for air-conditioned airliners, railways and hotels are at your service.

*Come and see this newest ancient land.*

*Illustrated brochures and suggested itinerdries available from your Travel Agent or*

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
28 Cockspur St., London SW1. TRA 1718

# Correspondence

## SHALL WE HELP MR. GAITSKELL?

SIR,—There may well be something to be said for Mr Calder's 'international working party which is really *au fait* with the twentieth century'. Pending its creation, however, we will settle for a local Society of Socialists. This is what *Victory for Socialism* seeks to be within the Labour Party. Much of the acute anæmia which Mr Calder detects in the party is not so much due to the absence of Socialist ideas in the movement but to the lack of a coherent and organised means for their expression. This is a vacuum we wish to fill in the belief that the party can best be invigorated by a live Socialist impulse within its ranks. In essence, this means, first, a continuing restatement of the basic truth that the Socialist society which the Labour Party is constitutionally committed to create cannot possibly be realised without a radical extension of public ownership; and secondly, it means a real challenge to the assumptions of the Cold War which have influenced the party's foreign policy since 1945.

The more people who join us in a concerted attempt to move the party on these issues, the more likely it is that the party *will* present an 'image' to the electorate which is a real alternative to Toryism. And the more likely it is that the party will appeal to the untapped sources of idealism and devotion within the movement and the electorate at large.

One thing should be clear. The immediate obligation of British Socialists is to get rid of the Tory government and ensure a Labour victory at the coming general election. This task must take precedence even over improving and strengthening its programme. Political discussion is valuable only insofar as it results in political action and achievement. To ask whether victory is worthwhile is to make victory impossible.

FREDERICK MESSER, ERNIE ROBERTS, STEPHEN SWINGLER, HUGH JENKINS, ROY SHAW, SYDNEY SILVERMAN, JO RICHARDSON
34 Haslemere Road, N8

SIR,—Many Labour supporters may wonder why there is any problem. They already see dozens of counts against the Conservative government which should rally everyone without hesitation towards a leader like Mr Gaitskell who has proved himself to have great qualities.

I mention just a few of these counts. (1) The Tories abolished the food subsidies, after saying they would not, for the benefit of business interests. (2) They denationalised steel to the great benefit of the shareholders in steel companies. (3) They commercialised television to the benefit of advertising companies. (4) They allowed most of the defence works, the nuclear developments, the new roads and many public works to be carried out for private profit, when they were all intended for the 'good' of the community. (5) They are making vast changes in retirement pensions greatly to the benefit of the insurance companies. (6) They provided for the increase of rents on houses which has greatly increased the value of shares in property companies. (7) Whilst constantly charging Labour with extravagant expenditure, their Budget figures are £1,000m. greater than Labour's were; they have spent huge sums on armaments, on Cyprus and Jordan; they have run up a most costly bill on Suez; their high Bank rate policy has cost the taxpayer something like £1,000m. (8) Whilst talking against subsidies, they are providing public money for the building societies, probably keeping up the market price of house property. (9) They have in many ways resisted most strongly wage claims and only tardily and grudgingly increased old age pensions, in spite of their failure to reduce the price level, whilst the well-being if not extravagance of the higher income groups (in spite of taxation) never seemed greater. (10) They and their committees allege that our economic and financial difficulties come from high wages, social services and the manual workers, but no emphasis is ever given to the wealthy financiers whose speculative activities caused a huge decline in our exchange reserves and a seven per cent. Bank rate, and, in the past, devaluation.

These few points alone suggest that the replacement of the government by Labour is an urgent necessity.

B. W. DALE
27 Ridgeway Road
Salisbury

SIR,—Violent criticism is being levelled at young people today because of their refusal to be excited about the political and moral issues served up to them by party and church. *The Future Labour Offers You* does not have the tremendous appeal to youth that Mr Gaitskell must wish it had, because it seems to avoid the most important political and moral question of our time. Well-chosen words about a peaceful co-existence contrast harshly with the party's defence programme, consisting, as it does, of the sentimental illogicality which supports the frail bogy of a great deterrent.

If Labour wishes to offer us a future, we believe that nuclear disarmament in all its aspects must be unequivocally part of it—ending, as it would, the present uneasy 'moral' compromise between a sad hope, and a bleak despair. As members of the newly formed National Youth Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, we believe that as well as answering the challenge of the bomb, we can undoubtedly answer those cynics who accuse us of a wild, apathetic amorality. We therefore invite all fellow-campaigners under 25 to send their addresses to the YCND, 143 Fleet Street, EC4, with one shilling as a membership contribution. It is certainly encouraging to learn from representatives of the West German committee 'Gegen Atom Rüstung' that they already have over 800,000 members.

DOMINIC GILL
DANIEL ELWYN-JONES

## THE LABOUR CAUCUS

SIR,—As an active member of the Labour Party in a marginal London constituency I am becoming increasingly disturbed by the manner in which the majority Labour group on the London County Council is conducting its internal business. Recent decisions prohibit individual Labour LCC members from making public statements or communicating with the press in any way which could be interpreted as against, or critical of, the collective decisions of the group. Furthermore, all questions put down by individual members have first to be submitted to the Whips for approval. There is no excuse for this rigid and authoritarian procedure. Labour now has the largest majority it has ever had on the LCC. The effect of these restrictions upon the actions of individual Labour LCC members can only be to take the conduct of Council business behind closed doors, out of sight of the electorate of London. This means that fewer and fewer people will think it worth while to record their votes at LCC elections in the future.

The 'iron law of oligarchy' which seems to govern the actions of the Labour group at County Hall has on several occasions prevented adequate discussion of matters of great interest to the people of London. The Newington Lodge case and the recent increases in rents paid by London County Council tenants are cases in point.

As a democratic Socialist I believe that Labour Party members have the right to examine and, if necessary, criticise the actions of their representatives on public authorities; not just the actions of those who represent their political opponents. Because I believe in this fundamental freedom I am going to work through the constitutional machinery of the party to attempt to bring about a more flexible attitude on the part of the Labour group at County Hall. I hope that others in constituency Labour Parties in the London area will feel strongly enough about this matter to do the same. I am convinced that the present caucus rule at County Hall is detrimental to the interests of Labour.

JOHN E. DALE
64 Viney Road, SE13

## THE FUTURE OF MALTA

SIR,—The House of Commons has been asked to give its sanction to the suspension of the constitution of Malta. As I have participated in the negotiations leading to this sad confession of failure since 1955, as economic adviser—first to the Labour government of Malta and subsequently to the Maltese Labour Party—I hope you will permit me to voice grave misgivings at this step.

I was delighted to see that on all sides of the House renewed support was given to integration. I am still as convinced as I ever was that the best, indeed the only, solution for Anglo-Maltese relations is integration as proposed by Mr Mintoff and accepted by the British All-Party Round Table Conference. No other solution combines the possibility of giving effective, and effectively supervised, help for the industrialisation of Malta with the acceptance of equality in political status. This statesmanlike proposal foundered partly on the incapacity of the Colonial Office and partly on the shock administered to Maltese confidence by the Defence Minister. The former refused to discuss Maltese economic needs in detail and settle these on the basis of rational argument; instead they repeatedly tried to impose arbitrary limits to aid by unilateral decisions against the advice of independent experts appointed by them. It is ridiculous for Mr Julian Amery to come to the House and assure it that


Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

GUILDFORD
Co-op Hall, Haydon Place
9th February, 7.45 p.m.
MICHAEL MCNAMEE
CLLR. JOSEPHINE CARTER
TONI COOKE

RUISLIP
Ruislip Manor Methodist Church Hall
12th February, 7.45 p.m.
DR. D. G. ARNOTT
NICOLAS MALLESON

PADDINGTON
Small Porchester Hall
13th February, 8 p.m.
PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, M.P.

WANSTEAD
Grove Hall, Grosvenor Road
13th February, 8 p.m.
DR. BURHOP
FRANCIS JUDE

JAZZ CONCERT
Ealing Town Hall
12th February, 8 p.m.
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON
Tickets 4/6, 6/0, 7/6

Further particulars from
143 Fleet Street, E.C.4
FLEet Street 4175



UMBRELLA
Spring Number
Illustrated quarterly. Controversial. Music—Richard Arnell. Theatre—Stephen Joseph. Art—John Hewitt and John West. Education—Henry Rees. Cinema—Gerald Morrish. Poetry. Story.
By post: 2/3 a copy; 8/- four issues.
From 97 LITTLE PARK STREET, COVENTRY

his minions bear no responsibility for the breakdown. The Minister of Defence did not respect the undertakings given to the Maltese to obtain alternative work should the dockyard be closed, and brusquely confronted the Maltese with the dread of mass unemployment before ways and means had been elaborated to offset the ill effects on the island of changes in defence policy. The much publicised demands of Mr Mintoff, which have been made to sound so unreasonable, find their explanation in these tactics, tactics which undermined the confidence established by the proceedings of the Round Table Conference.

The British government using direct colonial rule is likely to spend far more money than they first refused to Mr Mintoff, without earning anything but hatred. A more foolish policy can hardly be imagined. I appeal to the government to reconsider it and break the present deadlock by reconvening the Round Table Conference so that a rational discussion of the Malta problem can be resumed, and, after a period of appeasement, in the best sense of the word, an acceptable long run solution be found. I am sorry that *The Times* refused to publish a letter of mine in this sense before the debate. A more balanced view of the respective responsibility for the present lamentable situation might then have been promoted.

T. BALOGH

Balliol College
Oxford

## BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

SIR,—The 'news' that toxins powerful enough to exterminate the human race are being manufactured at the Porton Micro-biological Research Establishment is, of course, as Aubrey Jones pointed out in the House of Commons, something which has been known for many years. It is certainly only the very naive or very ill-informed amongst those who live near the establishment who are shocked at the information.

The Minister of Supply seems to think that the long-standing know-how his Ministry have in their diabolical pursuits is a good reason for not being concerned. The possibility that his department most likely have anti-toxins was an equally feeble excuse he made for their activities.

What are the British people going to do about Porton?

We have the misfortune to contain the Ministry of Supply's animal Belsen in our Rural District, for which we are the Health Authority. We therefore have a statutory duty to ask that the Ministry's activities should be investigated by the Minister of Health and that he should cause the deliberate production of bacteria, viruses and toxins for use in biological warfare to cease. Otherwise we have the situation of the collusion of the Ministry of Health in the deliberate production of these lethal organisms and substances. The prostitution of medical knowledge by doctors in direct breach of their Hippocratic oath is something which the British Medical Council would do well to consider.

I should be grateful if any persons who will assist me, as a member of a local authority, to bring pressure to bear on the Minister of Health to act in this matter, would communicate with myself.

Meanwhile, since we can expect to see no move from the Tories in this matter (they are, as the chairman of our Rural District Council said, 'not frightened'!), may I appeal to all local Labour parties and Liberal parties to exert the utmost pressure on their organisation to see that their party policy for the forthcoming election is supplemented by a specific statement on the Porton Establishment? Or will the leaders of these parties, like Mr Macmillan, not feel it in the public interest to know of its activities?

AUSTIN UNDERWOOD

4 Earls Road
Amesbury


IS Freud about to be rehabilitated in the Soviet Union, after thirty years of implacable hostility? Why has the Soviet Writers' Congress been postponed, and what is the background to Pasternak and *The Brothers Yershov*, the new novel that was designed to become the anti-Dudintsev? What new trends have emerged recently in Soviet music and painting? How are the Polish revisionists faring? The best way to find the answer to these and similar questions, of course, is to learn Russian and follow some eighty periodicals, the many hundreds of books published each year, and the daily press.

Alternatively, you can read SOVIET SURVEY, the quarterly review of cultural trends in the Soviet orbit. The winter number (92 pages), published next week, contains articles on the state of Soviet literature and the arts. There is a translation of a 5,000-word article from the Soviet monthly *Questions of Psychology*, re-examining Freud. Naum Jasny and Peter Wiles write on the new Seven-Year Plan and other economic topics. Morris Watnick's intellectual biography of Georg Lukacs (published in the SURVEY) has been welcomed as the most important treatment of the subject available in any language; a further instalment in the series will be found in the new number. G. Lichtheim on "Neo-Marxism—East and West," and Ronald Hingley on cultural contacts between West and East, are other items from the table of contents.

Articles contributed to SOVIET SURVEY in 1956 and 1957 have been published in book form (*The Soviet Cultural Scene 1956/57*, by Stevens. Those "improvident enough not to have subscribed" (to quote the reviewer in *International Affairs*), are thus given another chance. Raymond Postgate said in his review that the "learning and industry that have gone into this survey deserve the highest praise." In the *Daily Worker* Jack Lindsay took umbrage at the "nagging and patronising" tone, but thought it nevertheless "useful and informative for all who want details of the highly complex struggle going on in the Soviet Union."

What more can we expect? New subscriptions? Specimen copies free on request to

**SOVIET SURVEY**
**25, HAYMARKET, LONDON SW1.**

The yearly subscription is 12s. ($2.00), post free.


## THE CHALLENGE OF CHINA

SIR,—Dr Joseph Needham is one of the greatest living experts in China, whereas my only visit there lasted three weeks. Normally, therefore, I would accept any criticism from him of my recent article on Chinese intellectuals without demur. Dr Needham's description, however, of that article as a 'rich imaginative satire' suggests that, in reporting my talks with university professors and students, I added something to what I actually saw and heard. This is not the case. The article was a summary, as factual as I could make it, of conversations which took place in Wuhan and Peking last September. If my article read like 'rich imaginative satire', this was due not to anything I put in but to the extraordinary quality of the actual conversations in which I participated. In this case, as so often, truth proved stranger than fiction.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons

## LOLITA

SIR,—Since Mr Kenneth Allsop has failed to grasp my argument on *Lolita*, may I spell it out for him in simpler terms?

*Lolita* fans have argued that Nabokov's book is really a deep and subtle satire. In Pritchett's words: 'Unerringly he has put his finger on the infantile sexiness which pervades Admass society. . .'.

Unfortunately it seems that Nabokov unerringly puts that same finger on infantile sexiness whatever society he is writing about. To prove this, I quoted his autobiography *Speak Memory*, with its account of the bodily charms of a little girl near Nice in 1910.

Now up pops Mr Allsop to point out—as if anyone imagined that Nabokov was the same age in 1910 as he is now—that Nabokov was only ten at the time.

But Nabokov was rather more than ten when he *wrote* about this girl and the 'bruise on her delicate, downy forearm'; or about Polenka with 'the ribs of her adolescent body arched under her pale, goose-pimpled skin'. Such details and many others he was able to record with precision 40 years later.

Nabokov, in other words, enjoys writing about little girls. In *Speak Memory* he does so charmingly. In *Lolita* revoltingly (I note that even you, Sir, were too squeamish to print the extract which I quoted in my previous letter). If readers must prefer the revolting bits, need they pretend that it is really for the satire on Admass?

ROBERT PITMAN

4 Napier Road, W14

## WOMEN AND ALDERMASTON

SIR,—During the past year very many women have asked how they can show their support of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The Easter March, from Aldermaston to London, now offers them an opportunity. There will probably be very many who cannot leave their homes to take part but who could afford to make a money contribution; others, who could march but who cannot afford their fares to Aldermaston. It will make it possible for the March to be more truly representative of the strength of feeling among the women of this country, if the first group will help to meet the expenses of the second. Those who are in touch with local committees may perhaps wish to make their contributions through them. For those who are not, the Women's Committee of the Campaign will gladly act as a clearing house. I therefore invite subscriptions, however small, from those who must stay at home, and applications for aid from potential marchers. Letters can be addressed to me at B4 Albany, Piccadilly, W1.

JACQUETTA PRIESTLEY

## REGINALD REYNOLDS

SIR,—I have had requests for a photograph of my husband, Reginald Reynolds, and am therefore having some prints made of a fairly recent and very typical picture of him. I propose to sell these for five shillings each, passing the money to *Peace News* for their general fund. Anyone interested should write to me direct, enclosing cheque or postal order for 5s 6d (the cost plus postage).

ETHEL MANNIN

Oak Cottage
Burghley Road
SW19

## CUBAN CRISIS

SIR,—May I express my appreciation of Mr Bendiner's interesting report from NY on the Cuban crisis? From friends and relatives in Havana where I lived for 26 years I have just received letters describing the conditions with which they have been faced during the past two years. I am certain that people in the UK could have had no conception of the reign of terror to which even 'innocent bystanders' were subjected. I have watched Cuba's political progress closely since 1904 without being able to see much change for the better. We must hope that this revolt may be the prelude to a new order of things.

WALTER BUNBURY

Pikes Hill
Falmouth

## LORD WAVERLEY

SIR,—At the request of his widow and his son, I have gladly undertaken the task of writing the biography of the late John Anderson, Lord Waverley. I should be most grateful if any of your readers who are in possession of letters from him would allow me to read and copy them; the greatest care would be taken in the process. I should also be greatly obliged if anyone with recollections or anecdotes of Lord Waverley would communicate with me.

JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT

Garsington Manor
Garsington
Nr Oxford

*BOOKS IN GENERAL*

# The Anomalous Havelock Ellis

NOBODY, you feel, could have been quite so sage and prophetic as Havelock Ellis looked. Flowing locks and forked beard, tall forehead and fine eyes – blue with brown circles round the irises – firm straight nose: the imposing front was rather let down by the unexpectedly high voice and a disproportion in the lower part of the face. There were corresponding flaws in the man if not in the sexologist. He himself wrote, 'I have often puzzled over my own temperament and wondered whether I am of weaker or stronger character than other people'. Certainly it is tempting to try to explain him in terms of compensations for inadequacy. Before yielding, you must remind yourself that the sum of his virtues remains formidable.

History has a nasty habit of turning on forerunners; Ellis inevitably carries with him today some of that association of nineteenth-century fustiness which is if anything accentuated, however irrationally, by contrast with his work as a pioneer of sexual reform, a field in which his integrity was undoubted. His centenary ought to see him snugly lodged in the House of Fame, perhaps in one of those Cornish bungalows in the progressive annexe. You might think that he would be less exposed there to those blighting posthumous ambivalent gales than a more powerful and indisputably virile father-figure; but the kind of reputation for saintliness and omniscience with which he is invested is often rather vulnerable.

A word that Ellis often used in his writings about sex is anomaly. There was something almost continuously anomalous about himself and his life. Everything came easily to him yet he made things as difficult as possible for himself. His mind had a genuinely comprehensive sweep, embracing science and literature; he was able to challenge the most sacred taboos while remaining completely level-headed; but he was not a markedly original thinker. He was by many accounts gentle, considerate and affectionate, yet he makes an impression of emptiness. He lived quietly for most of his adult life in Cornwall or Brixton; yet he attracted to himself temperaments of Strindbergian instability.

He was born in 1859, the son of a merchant sea captain, and brought up in Croydon by a powerful mother who flirted with him. He went to Australia as a youth to teach and at the age of eighteen had a sudden very intense mystical experience after reading James Hinton's *Life in Nature*. 'My self was one with the Not-self, my will one with the universal will.' At the same time he had a call to study medicine. Although he was sometimes apt to mistake a vacuum for the void, he retained throughout his life a curiously well balanced scientific attitude towards mysticism. You find this particularly well expressed in his remarks on Lao Tse in *The Dance of Life*, published in 1923, his most popular essay in the philosophical-literary genre; he rigidly eschewed mumbo-jumbo. Back in England he launched the Mermaid series of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, helped found the Fellowship of the New Life, most of whom broke away to form the Fabian Society, and studied Hinton and medicine at intervals. After meeting Edward Carpenter, and for a time in association with J. A. Symonds, he began the study of homosexuality which afterwards became Vol. 2: *Sexual Inversion* (1897) of the seven-volume *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

The factors in Ellis's own character that prompted the *Studies* may have been complex but his handling of the material was single-minded and objective. As a piece of field-work the *Studies* – much of them elicited by correspondence – are truly monumental. They contain an enormous amount of human natural history, especially the case-histories, most skilfully presented. (*Psychology of Sex*, which has been reissued as a Pan book*, was first published in 1933. It is not so much an abridgement of the *Studies* as an introduction to sexual psychology with plenty of sound advice.) Ellis does not seem to have spotted the distinction between perversion and neurosis which was to be one of Freud's vital contributions but he was far in advance of orthodox medical or legal opinion. Humane and tolerant, he avoided crankiness and was careful to dissociate himself from Carpenter's theory of homosexuals as a third, 'intermediate' – and superior – sex.

It was a gigantic piece of prophylaxis and perhaps only a true sage could have undertaken it. But nobody could have been more foolish in his choice of publisher. How on earth could Ellis have been taken in for a moment by such a manifestly fishy charlatan as Dr Roland de Villiers with his 'Watford University Press'? The story, with the prosecution in 1898 of Bedborough, the secretary of the Legitimation League, a radical society of anarchist connections, and the dramatic suicide of de Villiers in Cambridge three years later, is one of the conspicuous anecdotes. Mr Calder-Marshall tells it fully but with a sense of proportion.

As a subject for a biographer Havelock Ellis is liable to be rather a trap. The principal source for most of his time is bound to be his autobiography – *My Life*. Mr Calder-Marshall calls this 'a strange, tantalising and ultimately disappointing book', but if you turn to it you may find this an unduly charitable description. It was written over a period of forty years and Ellis intended that it should rank with the great confessional memoirs, Rousseau's, St Augustine's, Cellini's, even Casanova's. It was to be a masterpiece of candid self-revelation. Yet, for all its detail, it has the effect of obscuring its subject like an old-fashioned bee-keeper's veil. Ellis seems to have had no insight into himself whatsoever. As you read on you remember the psychoanalysts' censures which seemed unduly harsh. Freud repeatedly said that Ellis was abnormally conceited; Jones accused him of having a 'jealous nature'. Presently the hypothesis begins to form that Ellis may have been an unconscious victim of the perversion which he himself discovered and so aptly named: Narcissism. This could explain the feeling of cold emptiness that he sometimes engenders. Just as a lover in the pristine rapture is the last person to give you an accurate description of his beloved's true character, so an acute narcissist is the last person to make a good autobiographer. Ellis describes himself with a total absence of humour that is quite embarrassing. Whether he is telling you that his Mitcham schoolfellows called him Baboon, or that his wife, Edward Carpenter, and Olive Schreiner, respectively, compared him at different times to the God Pan, a Faun, Silenus, and Jesus Christ, the effect is the same. The hypothesis becomes an obsession, and when he records that his mother told him that as a child his cheeks were always naturally scented, and that he noticed himself that in later life any shirt he had worn smelt of cedar, you cannot help suspecting, however unfairly, that he might be secretly attributing to himself the odour of sanctity. It is quite weird how little individual personality emerges. How could a man with so many interesting things in his head be so dull? If he really was so self-absorbed how did he manage to be so good? But narcissism need not be at odds with virtue.

Just how to portray Havelock Ellis in 1959 is a problem that does not concern Mr Collis†. *An Artist in Life*, though useful as a guide to the main events, and particularly the extensive writings, is a fervent uncritical appreciation. Mr Collis sets out to 'present' Ellis 'as a tree with a massive trunk putting forth branches and leaves in every direction. . . . Here is a man who is wearing no mask. He is absolutely natural.' This is to take Ellis at even more than his own valuation. Mr Calder-Marshall has written an infinitely livelier book‡. His *Havelock Ellis* is a sympathetic but by no means uncritical study, done with a surprising amount of *brio*, in which his own old Adam is sometimes at odds with his new converted self. Old Adam inclines towards an ironical view of the contrasts between ideals and reality in Ellis, and sees his life as a tragi-comedy. New self wants to claim Ellis as a Christian *malgré lui*. The conflict, of which Mr Calder-Marshall seems quite aware, in no way interferes with his book's readability. In the end he appears to accept Havelock Ellis as one of nature's saints. In this conclusion, he is influenced by the evidence of Françoise Delisle, the devoted companion of Ellis's latter years with whom he really did attain the serenity that is ideally associated with him. The chief women in his early and middle life, who feature large in Mr Calder-Marshall's book, as they do in the autobiography, are, of course, Olive Schreiner and Havelock Ellis's unfortunate wife, Edith. Here the anomaly was that Ellis, in theory so anxious to help and please women, was in practice so powerless. Quite apart from his sexual impotence which, though not complete, made anything like normal relations very rare, he always seems to have undertaken the impossible. Yet both the tempestuous Schreiner, and poor Edith, herself homosexual and a manic-

* *Psychology of Sex*. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. *Pan Books*. 3s. 6d.

† *An Artist of Life*. By JOHN STEWART COLLIS. *Cassell*. 25s.

‡ *Havelock Ellis*. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Hart-Davis*. 30s.

**THE HOMOSEXUAL** way of life is described with wisdom and charity by JAMES COURAGE in his moving, serious story of an honourable London architect in love with a younger man. **A WAY OF LOVE** is a sad dignified account of the plight of men outside the law. *15s.*

**REBELS MAY BE BRED** by the barrack square, the shabby suburb, a women's college—or a school master-poet's personal waste land. PETER FERGUSON describes the journey of four gallant failures to a mental home—the destined meeting-place for those determined to live by personal values—in his mature first novel, AUTUMN FOR HEROES. *15s.*

**UNCONVENTIONAL** hero of IAN JEFFERIES's stylish new thriller is Sergeant Craig—tough, witty, a soldier with a conscience. He ran guns for the Israeli in the 1948 Palestine crisis for THIRTEEN DAYS. *15s.*

**THE NEW AFRICA** is the background for ELWYN THOMAS's authentic story of revolt and reaction, an exciting account of the struggle for democratic progress in a jungle of atavism—native and imperialist—NIGHT OF THE JASSIES. *15s.*

**HERE IS A STORY OF** a man in a Zoo (perhaps a madman, perhaps a victim of M.I.5.) in a tense original thriller of the missile age. JOHN WAINEY'S 'most ambitious and most successful novel' (says the Observer) has 'the wild excitement of a thriller by Kafka'. LEOPARD WITH A THIN SKIN is also 'pure inventive comedy of the highest order'. *15s.*

JONATHAN CAPE

depressive, seem to have found him a peg on which they could hang their own egos. An anthology of the endearing epithets which he inspired would read like a work of devotional literature. The love that he gave in return has to be taken on trust.

Mr Calder-Marshall gives a perhaps rather disproportionate amount of space to Edith's tragedy, which emerges with uncomfortable vividness in the autobiography, especially in her letters. As a corrective to the atmosphere generated by *My Life* as source material, the centenary celebrators ought really to have given us some of Ellis's other non-sexological writings. There were thirty-four volumes in all, exclusive of the *Studies*. Mr Collis supplies a varied range of quoted excerpts in his book but these are necessarily short. I can guarantee that *The Dance of Life* re-reads remarkably well; so does his preface to the Mermaid edition of Ford. There are excellent things in his study of *British Genius* and in *From Rousseau to Proust*. In his short essays, like lay-sermons, published in 1936, when he was 77, under the title of *Questions of Our Day*, you will find impeccably correct progressive pacifist and rationalist sentiments expressed with unpretentious if rather woolly benevolence. If only one could avoid the rather dismal conclusion: after all, the best things he ever wrote were those case-histories of homosexual tramps.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

## Icicle Quartette

(*After Théophile Gautier's Fantaisies d'hiver, No.* 1.)

White of face and red of nose,
on an ice-built rostrum set,
Winter executes his theme
in the season's string quartette.

Tremulous old-fashioned airs
rise in his uncertain bleat;
while his foot does double work—
stamps for warmth and marks the beat.

Just as Handel from his wig
shook the flour about him, so
Winter scatters from his nape
flakes of powdery white snow.

BRIAN HILL

## Marooned

Penned on an island, neither wet nor dry
But making decent compromise with both,
He wove himself a wreath
of what would pass
For laurels underneath a tropic sky
And being gifted with a steady hand
No less than a pacific temperament,
He built around his tent
in splendid show
Crazy miniature cities in the sand;
And could upon that ring of yellow shores
Forget the age and its anxiety,
Affecting not to see
its delegates,
White steamers gliding by without a pause.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE

## Shakespeare Q.E.D.

**The Shakespearean Ethic.** By JOHN VYVYAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

This book belongs to the mode of active criticism which tells an author that he wrote better than he knew; alternatively that he knew it but, having other interests, transposed it by art and bent of temperament, in images and allegories. When the method explores an imagination, it is illuminating and provides a check on that continual sideways drift away from the original which the needs of one age after another inevitably cause. When the method is applied to thought, then, without a good deal of historical guidance, we are likely to pass into the tendentious drift again. I think Mr Vyvyan is in this danger. This does not mean his book is not deeply interesting. He opposes Bradley's view that: 'We cannot be sure, as with those other poets we can, that in his works Shakespeare expressed his deepest and most cherished convictions on ultimate questions, or even that he had any'. Shakespeare *had* convictions, Mr Vyvyan objects; he expressed them and 'they are so related to his dramatic conceptions as to be mutually revealing'. In his later plays the ethical preoccupation is strong. He is seeking answers that will ensure his own peace of spirit. To show this Mr Vyvyan examines *Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Othello, Measure for Measure, The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. The careless, comprehensive, disorderly genius is replaced by a writer who, 'apart from the poetry' wrote plays that are 'ethical theorems of Euclidean logicality'. His beliefs are, in part, 'a syncretistic philosophy. This might represent the philosophy of a circle of Elizabethan thinkers who dared not express it openly for fear of the law'.

At this point, the stimulated reader is bound to call for historical information. Up till then we were willing to grant that the tragedies show a noble soul with a flaw that fatally opens him to temptation; that he loses kingship of himself; commits the evil act; experiences horror and dies. 'To thine own self be true'—to the higher self. And what is that? A self not formed by the Old Law of the blood feud, eye for eye, wife for wife; not formed by the bloody notions of the cult of honour but enlarged by the New Law of love and creative mercy. The great tragic heroes of Shakespeare go mad by a process of moral inversion and enter hell. There is a difficulty with *Hamlet* because according to the old blind Law, it is Hamlet's duty to kill. He has no flaw, but he hesitates between two moralities, goes mad, and chooses chaos. The uncle, as Mr Vyvyan says, is no worse than the father; but in fulfilling his oath Hamlet carries the dead into wholesale slaughter —'self-slaughter on a racial scale'. In *Measure for Measure, The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* we see the ethic of creative mercy and love.

This summary will seem to most readers an easily acceptable collection of truisms; but Mr Vyvyan obviously intends to convey that Shakespeare's ethic was exhaustive, dynamic, logical and consistent. It was more (I suppose he would go on to argue) than something conveniently collated from what was offered by the situation in his time. We may even, eventually, discover exactly what Shakespeare's beliefs were, especially by following Mr Vyvyan's hint that the poet's use of allegory has a lot to tell us. The merit of this critic's close, clear, moderate yet eagerly conducted argument is that it makes one turn to the plays; and there, of course, one finds not counter-arguments but so much that engulfs the ethical interest. Whether Shakespeare had a

consistent ethic, whether he knew he had an ethic, whether it was what Mr Vyvyan says it was – and he works close to the evidence of the imagery – the enlarging element is, I would have thought, something very different: the rich, liberating and terrifying concept of the free imagination embodied in Renaissance man. In his release, he was, indeed, able to envisage a new Law; he was, indeed, able to throw off the medieval power-concepts of Heaven and Hell; but he was also forced to consider that life might be a total waste, that time might make heaven, hell and life meaningless; and that life was a dream. Mr Vyvyan's argument for 'the ethical theorem' becomes important only if we can link the idea of the New Law with the revolutionary person of the new born man, emerging by something like an ordeal by fire.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## We Have Been Warned

**Bigger than Little Rock.** By ROBERT R. BROWN. *SPCK.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

'We are not going to let anyone force niggers upon us.' 'I am an Episcopalian, but I will see every one of the black buggers in Hades before I give one a crust of bread.' 'My mind is already made up – don't confuse me with facts.'

Yes, sidelights on the story of Little Rock. And what distresses one in this sordid narrative is the fact that Little Rock, in normal circumstances, is a typical decent tolerant American city. Inevitably we ask, how on earth did it happen? And that too is the question that has disturbed Little Rock since the eventful day on which so many took leave of their senses.

Bishop Brown is refreshingly frank and just in his appraisal of the situation. He pin-points three factors. First, then, is unreasonable prejudice. At a glance we are not surprised, as irrational behaviour is a common experience; but, on second thoughts, we cannot but be astonished at the lengths to which unreasonable prejudice can go when it attacks not merely an individual but a community. It would be unfair to draw too many parallels between the citizens of Little Rock and the Nazis, but we cannot ignore in both the destructive elements that occur when a community allows herd-instinct to jettison reason. It is worth remembering that the standards of education and culture are well above the average in Little Rock, as they were in Hitler's Germany. Not surprisingly the author warns us of a possible repetition of events in other countries.

Then there is the breakdown of communications between the rulers and the ruled. The planning for the integration of the schools was – on paper – adequate, and some sensible preparations were made. But, as with London Transport, the authorities failed to explain what they were doing and why. It is a tendency of bureaucrats to imagine that their policies are so obviously beneficial that it can be presumed their intentions are self-evident. Bishop Brown lists the failures and, in a valuable chapter, suggests what ought to be done in a democracy when rulers are about to make changes in the law that have widespread repercussions.

Last, there was the failure of moderate opinion. It is difficult for men with liberal democratic views to organise themselves sufficiently quickly to prevent a catastrophe. Little Rock was no exception. Churchmen, for instance, tended to be progressive, but they were still arguing theological points when the outbreak occurred. Afterwards they did valuable work as a reconciling


**Havelock Ellis**
*ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL*

'Mr Calder-Marshall is subtle, just and amiable; it must be a pleasure to have one's life written by him; a most interesting book. He has woven a delicious comedy and even a spiritual odyssey, with a wonderful ending.' CYRIL CONNOLLY in the SUNDAY TIMES

'Immensely readable.' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

'Arthur Calder-Marshall has written *Havelock Ellis* very well indeed . . . the narrative conveys with extraordinary aptitude the world and behaviour of Ellis and those who surrounded him.' ANTHONY POWELL in the DAILY TELEGRAPH *Illustrated* 30*s*

**Vincent Cronin**
*A PEARL TO INDIA*

'The life of Roberto de Nobili, a Jesuit missionary, born in Rome in 1577, who spent nearly all his life working among the Hindus in Madurai in the heart of Southern India . . . a gripping book.' WESTERN MAIL

'An illuminating book.' PETER QUENNELL in the OBSERVER

'Fascinating.' DAILY TELEGRAPH

'To Mr Cronin's powers of theological exposition is joined a power of creating suspense and excitement. His chapters leading up to Pope Gregory XV's decision in favour of de Nobili's methods are as gripping as any thriller.' THE TABLET *Illustrated* 25*s*

**Mary Lutyens**
*TO BE YOUNG*

'A book that can be pressed upon everyone interested in the human heart . . . most moving because Miss Lutyens writes with candour as well as delicacy. Readers will call for a sequel to these acute and touching memoirs.' RAYMOND MORTIMER in the SUNDAY TIMES

'A splendidly realistic recollection of a happy childhood, and a true love-story wholly uncommon in quality.' DAILY TELEGRAPH *Illustrated* 25*s*

**The Tangerine**
*CHRISTINE de RIVOYRE*

An unusual and delicately written love-story set in Paris. 'In France this novel has been a great success. Here it should also have no difficulty in pleasing a large number of readers. Séverine is a charming creature.' THE BOOKMAN 15*s*

**HART-DAVIS**



**CENTAUR**

". . . exquisitely funny in a quick early-**WAUGH** way." John Davenport in the *Observer*.

"Mr. Clark has done an Anglo-Indian **KAFKA** on us." John Metcalf in *The Sunday Times*.

". . . a delightfully absurd, almost **FIRBANKIAN** day-dream." *Times Literary Supplement*.

". . . off-the-rails **JOHN BUCHAN** with a sly shade of distorted **CHESTERTON** in the background." *Bristol Evening World*.

"There's not a little **JOHN MASTERS** in it; but most of all that intoxicated morale which made **KIM** unforgettable." *The Fortnightly*.

What is YOUR opinion of

**KINGDOM COME**

a tale of British Imperialism in (ostensible!) reverse by

? *LAURENCE CLARK* ?
15*s*.

**ART INTO LIFE**
by *FRANK AVRAY WILSON*

"The exceptional value of this 'interpretation of contemporary painting' is perhaps explained by the fact that the author is not only a painter but also a trained scientist. The result is an unusually penetrating analysis of the creative process, and an attempt of a very original kind to relate the process to the biology of life itself. Mr. Wilson presents us with what is in effect a new and precise vocabulary for the discussion of non-figurative art. He has a profound knowledge of modern psychological theories and of what one might call the biological evidence for the vital function of art." **Herbert Read**

78 drawings and plates. 30*s*.

**PRESS**

**Jerome Weidman's**

strong, moving and shocking novel about a Jew who, though married to a Gentile, believes the entire Christian world to be

**THE ENEMY CAMP**

**"It throbs and shakes with the raw and vulgar surge of life itself."**
ORVILLE PRESCOTT, NEW YORK TIMES

**"One of the most trenchant and brilliant novels of the year."**
HARRISON SMITH, SATURDAY REVIEW

**"A first-rate novel . . . he holds the interest from first to last of his long novel."**
MICHAEL ROBSON, BOOKS & BOOKMEN

**"Undoubtedly his best novel."**
JOHN P. MARQUAND

**HEINEMANN**

influence; but how much better to have been successful before the damage was done. Unfortunately, moderates are reluctant to commit themselves and to espouse causes. And that is why the door is often left open to fanatics.

Bishop Brown's book is worth reading for itself as an interesting account of a lamentable incident. It is of even more value as an amber light.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD

## Uh-huh, Fugaces

**The Dutch Divinity.** By DOROTHY FARNUM. *Jarrolds.* 21*s.*

**The Life and Times of Frédérick Lemaître.** By ROBERT BALDICK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

To have been courted by James Boswell was not, perhaps, much of a distinction. To have been loved by Benjamin Constant – that too was scarcely unusual; and plenty of women had quarrelled with Madame de Staël. To live in Switzerland, then, and write romances? Hardly unique, with Voltaire living at Ferney. But to have done all these things; to have helped inspire a literary masterpiece; to have caused Louis XVI to give up wine; to have been renowned for beauty, to have married a mathematics tutor, and above all, to be a Dutchwoman writing in faultless French – this was a little more uncommon. Madame de Charrière deserved a romantic biography: the more so since a tennis court now covers her grave.

*The Dutch Divinity* starts badly, with a good deal of literary tosh about how 'she marked the sky like a bouquet of fireworks' and 'he would listen while the arrows of her wit went flashing by his ears'. A dangerous woman, evidently, despite her 'preachy' governess and the spotless local church with 'nary a crumb . . . on the rigorously scrubbed floor'. '"Good old Swiss Clock!" thought Belle' – and her conversations as well as her thoughts, are frequently 'reconstructed through . . later letters'. But such lapses grow fewer as the book proceeds, only seriously recurring in the quarrel with Madame de Staël, which reads like a Ruth Draper sketch of two American ladies being mutually catty. All this will doubtless affront the scholars; yet the total impression is solid and sympathetic. Drawing heavily on old and new sources, including a mass of recently published letters, Mrs Farnum has told an absorbing, rather melancholy story, and painted a full, frank portrait of a remarkable and sometimes tiresome stoic heroine.

A French critic wrote that '*il y a en elle quelque chose d'une Mme du Deffand embourgeoisée*'. Brought up in an austere and aristocratic Dutch family, she easily shone as a wit, a near-bluestocking, and rather a flirt. One of her conquests was Benjamin Constant's uncle; another, an uncouth French nobleman; and admirers from many countries sued for her hand. But nothing came of it; time slipped fruitlessly away; and in something like panic, it seems, she married the family tutor. Her literary ambitions, too, were not quite justified by results. As 'Zélide', she became famous; but just as her looks faded, so her books were gradually forgotten. She was one of those unfortunate persons whose natural sense of superiority is not quite borne out by their achievements. What remains today is her sparkling correspondence, and the memory of her long, late, hopeless love for the man who was to write *Adolphe*. Unlike so many of the Constant nymphs, she never became his mistress. Their relationship resembled that of Shaw's Candida and Marchbanks. But her often thwarted insight surely contributed to *Adolphe*; and in this the ageing lady of Colombier is one of the points of contact between the stirrings of sensibility in the eighteenth century and the full bloom of romanticism that was to come. On December 31, 1799, she wrote to Benjamin Constant: 'I have spent the last hours of the old century listening to the wind and the howling of the wolves in the forests of the Jura'. In all its self-consciousness, this was the epitaph of an age.

With Frédérick Lemaître, the wind and the wolves are magnified into the full theatrical properties of the Romantic era. To relive his vanished art, we have to read his press-cuttings – stunned, wildly groping attempts to describe an actor whose performances were sometimes literally terrifying. Dr Baldick quotes in full the most vivid of them, from Charles Dickens; and by summoning witnesses from all sides, including a rather sedate Queen Victoria, he almost manages to convince us of Lemaître's power. In scrupulous and scholarly detail, he recounts the facts of his life, the vicissitudes of French politics, the intermittent tussles between the boulevard theatres and the *Comédie Française*. Much of this background will be familiar to anyone who saw Marcel Carné's rather overblown film, *Les Enfants du Paradis*, with Pierre Brasseur as Lemaître. All the facts are there, the plots of the pot-boilers, the intrigues of managers, the comments of critics: only Lemaître himself, and his acting, leave an unfilled gap. From his portraits, he looks like a blend of Stanley Holloway and the late Dylan Thomas; from all accounts, he acted as much off the stage as on. His marriage was unhappy; he drank to excess; he died poor. One index of Dr Baldick's devotion, and of his skill with such intractable material, is that even this shadowy outline of a human being, this vehicle, this instrument of other men's passions, ultimately engages our sympathy and our pity. One caricature of him, by Gill in 1867, shows him plunging into his own breast a sword labelled '*Drame*'. At the end of his career, he warned others against the temptations of the theatre – that fatal, ineluctable sorcery to which he sacrificed his life. Reproached for his excesses, he answered for all actors, all artists: 'If I didn't live like that, I shouldn't be able to act like this!' In moments such as this, the dead ghost suddenly comes to life. Otherwise, he remains a legend, most famous perhaps for guying a forgotten melodrama, and creating the satirical, Groucho-like figure of the preposterously bloodcurdling Robert Macaire. A slender fame, perhaps, but more than most of us accomplish; and, like the legendary achievements of all theatrical artists, a salutary reminder that permanence, even in words or in granite, is only the most pathetic of human aspirations.

RICHARD MAYNE

## An Undiminished Voice

**The Skylark and Other Poems.** By RALPH HODGSON. *Hart-Davis.* 84*s.*

Somewhere between thirty and forty years ago an entire generation of poets disappeared. It was not necessarily by death. A few retired into the rural England which they seemed at times to have invented; others, no less silently, into the retreats of scholarship and public service. The rare ones who survived as writers – and on their own terms – did so, it might appear, by removing themselves completely from the course of English life. Mr de la Mare had his own world of ghosts to enclose him; but for the rest (Robert Graves is by far the most notable) it was a straight geographical shift. And now, like an embodiment of the thought, comes this surprising book, a fresh collection of poems by Mr Ralph Hodgson himself, one of the most resounding, in his day, of all the vanished Georgian names.

Mr Hodgson is now eighty-seven years old and has been for some time past – perhaps for the period covered by this new work – a resident in Minerva, Ohio. But even the early poet was something of a phenomenon. Most of his familiar poems (*Eve, The Bull, The Bells of Heaven, Time, You Old Gipsy Man, Reason has moons*) were written nearly half a century ago. All natural anthology pieces, they have not only stayed familiar – you cannot help knowing them – but they are, with the long *Song of Honour* (1913), nearly the whole sum of his work outside the present volume. Few poets can have done so well on an output so carefully small.

To have the anthology touch is a special gift; many poets never achieve it at all. Whatever its level the anthology poem is always bold, direct and memorable, preferably not difficult in thought since the impact must be immediate, not delayed. *They told me Heraclitus . . . Earth hath not anything . . . If I should die . . . Fools! for I also . . . A garden is a lovesome thing . . . Break, break, break . . .* as you see, what counts is nothing to do with being 'good' or 'bad'. *Time, you old gipsy man,* imprinted as it must be on every literate mind, is in no way a profound or valuable statement in itself. Really, the thing is nothing more than a single puffed-out image, and not at all a tenable one at that. Yet it is and will be remembered with horrifying persistence, though it is agreeable to find in the present book that Mr Hodgson has written some more delicately imaginative, almost Elizabethan lines on the same theme (Time).


***The Story of an American Communist***

**JOHN GATES**

**The highest ranking American Communist ever to leave the party tells why he went and outlines his present political philosophy. John Gates, ex-editor of the American *Daily Worker*, traces twenty-seven years of Communist activity from his student days to his explosive resignation from the party in January 1958.**

**8¼″ x 5½″ 256*pp* 30*s***

***Entertainment in Russia***

**FAUBION BOWERS**

**A racy and readable report on how the Russians entertain themselves in leisure hours. Of Mr. Faubion Bowers' *Theatre in the East* the *Illustrated London News* said, 'A fascinating book. It can be heartily recommended even to those who are tepid about dancing and drama, and who neither like nor understand the East.' 32 halftones**

**6¼″ x 9½″ 350*pp* *coming soon* 42*s***

**NELSON**

. . . Comparing it for poise:
The tops we spun to sleep,
Seemingly so deep
Stockstill, when we were boys,
No more than stumbled round,
Boxwoods though they were,
The best we ever wound
Or whipped of all such toys;
Comparing it for sound:
The wisp of gossamer
Caught in a squirrel's fur,
Groans like a ship aground;
Shadow makes more noise.

The poems in *The Skylark* are not all new. The earliest date recorded is 1907, the latest 1952; there is a long central gap – the Georgian silence. In all, there are two very long poems, a number of shorter ones and a group of epigrammatic or gnomic pieces, sometimes in single lines, under the heading Flying Scrolls. Mr Hodgson flicks out a good deal for a sage, and there is plenty of sentiment under the sarcasm: but the best of his runes have a salt or acid tang: *The handwriting on the wall may be a forgery*, or *The Past comes back in the mouth with blood.*

Is there a difference between the early Ralph Hodgson and the late? We look at these pages and the old unanswerable question rises again: what would this or that young dead poet have done in a longer life? Mr Hodgson has, of course, little in common with either the Keats who died or the Yeats who lived. But the nature of his recent verse does give us, possibly, a lone of thought on other poets. The difference here is only one of tempo and approach; the simple metres remain; the boldness, terseness and epigrammatic qualities are, if anything, increased. Take one of his most attractive newer pieces *The Hever Picnic*, a vivid, brisk, effective little poem about Anne Boleyn and a gipsy, or the fragment called *Queer, queer*:

As a face at a bricked-up window,
Or the hanging of a door in the desert,
This: 'Poking your nose in everywhere!'
'Me?' 'You – I give you warning:
''F I catch you in my dreams again,
I'll break your neck next morning'!

Quick, sharp stuff – all of it, and acrobatic too, in a sense: but not demanding that *inward* leap of the mind we expect to make today; the impact is brought to the top; the statement itself is enough; the fact is never an image for a deeper battle beneath. These were not values of Mr Hodgson's time: he does not subscribe to them now.

But if complexity of thought is not in Mr Hodgson's Georgian mood, there is today what might be called a courting of obscurity. Compare *The Bull* (1913) with its hammering simplicity and (in the new collection), the long strange recent poem *The Muse and the Mastiff*, written at intervals during the past fifteen years and still, we are told, unfinished. The idea of this forceful but eerie and puzzling work is that a mastiff is disturbed in dreams by its hereditary past; the poet, the Muse, the baited Elizabethan bear all add their thoughts in a jocular, fierce, allusive rhyming tide of four-iambic lines. Yet once the scrambled surface is resolved, the underlying motive theme is clear.

I spoke of blood-sick Marybone:
The Hockley pit: the Bankside hells:
Of Blackface and old Sackerson,
Scabby Hunks and others there,
Week in, week out, year after year
Unhutched amid the yawps and yells
and titters of the ghoulery–
To sweat the brows of God in Heaven,
And start a bead on London's even,
Smelling sin one day in seven–

Obscure the poem may pretend to be; but com-


*Some people rather like*

to go whoring after strange scientific gods—others prefer prostitutes. In neither case is it much good sweeping them under the carpet. So you'll find both topics intelligently discussed—along with sacred and profane advertising by Marghanita Laski and Betjeman by Bergonzi—in the February number of

*The* **Twentieth Century**

3s

26 BLOOMSBURY WAY LONDON WC1

**"CRUELTY"**

★ This famous Soviet novel by

PAVEL NILIN

is still available to old *and new* members of the 'RUSSIA TODAY BOOK CLUB', 3s. only.

★ C. P. SNOW wrote in the 'SUNDAY TIMES' on Dec. 28th:

"The most interesting novel I have read this year . . . the liberal virtues are all there, tolerance, compassion, fidelity, honour . . . the familiar poetry of the Russian countryside, and also a great deal of humour."

Membership of the R.T.B.C. is 2s. 6d. p.a., and monthly choices are 3s. post free.

Send 5s. 6d. today for membership, "CRUELTY" and list of past choices to:

R.T.B.C
36 Spencer St., London, E.C.1

**Study Abroad**
VOLUME X

More than eighty countries are now offering subsidised study and travel abroad. The annual international handbook of fellowships, scholarships, and educational exchanges contains in its tenth issue offers of over 75,000 individual opportunities including details as to fields of study; where, under what conditions, and for how long tenable; and where to address applications.

15s. (post 1s. 9d.)

PUBLISHED IN PARIS BY UNESCO,
*publishers of* COURIER, *and available in the United Kingdom from*
H. M. STATIONERY OFFICE
*at the Government Bookshops; or through any bookseller*

**UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE**

**B.Sc.(Econ.)**
**London University**

The above Degree is *obtainable without residence*, and provides a valuable qualification for men and women seeking well-paid appointments in commerce or industry, government or municipal posts, or promotion in the teaching profession. Study for the Degree covers a course of wide and interesting reading. U.C.C., est. 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, and the Degree examinations. Staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees; instalments if desired. Free re-preparation in the event of failure. Courses are provided also for B.A., B.Sc., LL.B., B.D., and many other exams.

★ PROSPECTUS may be had post free from Registrar,
70 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

**CHINA KNOWLEDGE SERIES**

*The first two volumes of this series, published in Peking, are now available*

**1. A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE CLASSICAL LITERATURE** *by Feng Yuan-chun*
132 pp; paper 3s. 6d.

**2. AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA** 487 pp; paper 7s. 0d.

Further volumes will appear shortly in the
**CHINA KNOWLEDGE SERIES**
Write for lists to
**COLLET'S HOLDINGS LTD.**
44/45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

**DON'T BECOME A VEGETABLE**

Many people, on leaving School, cease to use their pens except for business and occasional letters to friends. They then begin the slow process of vegetating; becoming cabbages at the ripe old age of 35 or so. Others postpone the metamorphosis for twenty years or even longer.

To us: your pen is to use your mind.

Intelligent people have found that, by expert personal coaching by correspondence with the LSJ, their minds have kept alive and their incomes have mounted with the years from selling their articles or stories.

At the LSJ you are coached individually. You can begin earning quite early in your Course and you will also acquire an asset of inestimable value—a mind that does not vegetate.

Wherever you live you can study with the LSJ—Stories, Articles, Poetry, Radio, TV, Plays, Literature, History. Write now to the School for free advice and book.

Prospectus Office:
**LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**
19 Hertford Street, Park Lane, W.1. GRO. 8250

plex, no. You can hear the old (*i.e.*, early) Hodgson shout all right. It is the shout itself, the idiosyncratic assault, that catches and compels.

For energy is Mr Hodgson's unfailing quality. In poetry it can come from a number of sources: loss as well as love; pessimism as much as faith. Mr Hodgson's impetus is usually anger – a thunder of rage on behalf of animals and birds oppressed by man. Oddly untouched by two major wars this special anger continues, through fifty years, to burn. But there have been other impulses. The *Song of Honour* – Smart's *Song to David* in the cheerfully pantheistic terms of 1913 – carries an extraordinary excitement in its riding wave of ecstasy and enthusiasm. It may break all the emotional rules in poetry but it does explain why Mr Hodgson's work survives. And his book – a beautifully printed volume, by the way, with engravings by Reynolds Stone – has another value for readers of poetry. Here is a true and living Georgian, wonderfully preserved. The measure of the changes since his time – they are very profound – are startlingly brought home to us by his quite unchanged and undiminished voice.

NAOMI LEWIS

## MP For Self

**No Love for Johnnie.** By WILFRED FIENBURGH. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

It is 1960 and, after nine years in the wilderness, Labour has returned to power. But this brings no joy to forty-two-year old Johnnie Byrne who, despite his expectations, finds himself excluded from the new government. From this fact there follows a curious sequence of events. First, Byrne discovers in himself a taste for vicarious sex – striptease in Doncaster and Tom-peeping in the park – which soon becomes active. Next, he agrees to lead a fellow-travelling attack on the newly-formed government but misses the key moment of the attack because he happens to spend that particular afternoon in bed with a twenty-year-old model. Then, his constituency executive passes a vote of no-confidence in him, not because of his new private habits or even for his failure to lead the fellow-travelling attack but because he has recently been too casual about answering letters and attending his surgery. His wife has left him and he is in some danger of becoming a drunkard; but then she offers to return and he is just beginning to rise from a hell of loneliness and bitter frustration into some inner peace when the Prime Minister, explaining that Johnnie would have got a job right away if his wife had not been a background Communist but that it is all right now since she has left him, offers him the post of Assistant Postmaster General. At this Johnnie throws to the winds all thoughts of living with his wife, of sleeping with models, of large whiskys and, of course, of inner peace and integrity and jumps delightedly back into the rat race.

All this happens over a period of about three weeks and the inherent improbabilities in most of it need no stressing. Nor does the adolescent style, with its frequent references to thighs, in which the sexier parts of this novel are written. What does need stressing is that in the conflict between careerism and integrity which most politicians face, Fienburgh had a good theme and with his powers for descriptive writing he could have made this book not only readable, which it is, but important, which it is not. But he has failed because he has allowed himself to be obsessed with the cynical, careerist side of his hero, and has almost totally excluded from the character any trace of integrity or any real feeling for the movement of which he is a member. So the conflict hardly arises; and not even the original and accurate descriptions of some of the moods through which politicians pass, and of some of the background against which they work, can make the character live. Reading this book for review in the library of the House of Commons, I was continually interrupted by colleagues asking two questions, 'Is it a good book?' and 'Will it lose us many votes?' The answer to both questions is no.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

**At Fever Pitch**

DAVID CAUTE

A novel, 'astonishingly good' (JOHN DAVENPORT), about British Army officers in an African country on the brink of self-government. David Caute, who is still an undergraduate, did his National Service in West Africa. 'Perhaps, after all, there is something to be said for National Service' said a reader of the ms. There is certainly a great deal to be said for what this young writer has made of the experience it offered. Whether as a study of character or of politics, this is an outstanding book. 16/-

**The Narrow Covering**

JULIA SIEBEL

Julia Siebel's novel was compared in America with the early books of Willa Cather. It shows the same feeling for a land—the harsh land of western Kansas—and its effects on the people who shape it or are shaped by it. It is the story of a woman's life in a growing town, beautifully written with a sober integrity of vision and style which is rare. 15/-

**ANDRE DEUTSCH**

*12-14 Carlisle Street, W1*

## New Novels

**The Enemy Camp.** By JEROME WEIDMAN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

**A Chair for the Prophet.** By 'CLAUDE'. *Faber.* 15*s.*

**The Breaking of Bumbo.** By ANDREW SINCLAIR. *Faber.* 15*s.*

**Love from Everybody.** By CLIFFORD HANLEY. *Hutchinson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Jerome Weidman's story concerns George Hurst, a Jew from East Side New York who escapes, after a struggle, into the world of comparative affluence and marries a beautiful, upper-crust goy. On the way to the patronage of millionaires and the nice home in the commuting town that doesn't object to Jews, Hurst is involved with Danny Shaw and Dora Dienst, two more Jews who want to escape from the meagre, restricted life of what appears to be an East Side ghetto, and who are far more ruthless than he about how they do it. He shakes off Dora and Danny, makes his peace with the Gentiles and is happy with his beautiful wife and intelligent children until a mysterious telephone call makes him relive his whole life in flash-backs and fight one more battle with his beloved enemies. Mr Weidman has obviously worked hard at this novel, and when he allows himself to do so, he can write passionately and sincerely, and still avoid preaching. But he's tried to have it both ways; realism, and a nice, glossy finish. Obviously realism had to go, and we are left with the mysterious telephone call and a series of flash-backs so deftly handled, so neatly dove-tailed, that nothing is lost but sincerity. This should have been a moving, angry story. I'm sorry that it isn't. Of its kind it is excellent, but it is an inferior kind.

In *A Chair for the Prophet* Claude is writing, among other things, propaganda for the state of Israel. If you think that the material for a PRO's handout belongs in a PRO's handout, rather than a novel, you will find this irritating, even if you agree with its contents. The remainder of the book is devoted to Anthony Felham, a young Englishman working in Israel as an oil technician and his wife, Jane. He falls in love with a Jewess called Alisa, she with a Jew called Rudi. By the end of the novel, Jane is carrying Rudi's child, Rudi is killed by Arabs, and Anthony, who has formerly relied on Jane's adoration, now has to do a little adoring himself. A good, reliable, eternal rectangle, capable of almost any sort of treatment. To my mind it got every sort of treatment. There is some adequate descriptive writing, and dialogue so bad I took it at first for satire (*e.g.*, '"Get up my plain Jane" . . . "straight down for a swim before breakfast," he added in disgustingly hearty tones.'). There are some conscientiously sexy love scenes which seem very stark indeed against a background of prose prim enough for Mrs Gaskell. However, Claude does produce one quite staggering statement. Anthony 'for the first time felt an active need to sort out his emotions, to ascertain what he truly thought,' so he went 'into the garden, down among the farthest orange trees, and sat down on a brick'. Is this a technique of Zen Buddhism I haven't heard of yet?

*The Breaking of Bumbo* explores a familiar theme in an unfamiliar locale. Bumbo Bailey is a very young man who writes poetry, does very well at school, gets a foot on the Establishment Ladder, revolts over Suez, and, when the Establishment hits back, counter-punches by marrying a boss's daughter. Ah yes, but this time the school is Eton, the hero is a guardee, his mistress is a model and his bride a deb. Only Suez, alas, is the same. The frightening thing about this kind of book is that the hero's defeat, once he *has* defied the Establishment, is obligatory. Mr Sinclair does it well, he is convincing, he is realistic, and he is perfectly right. He shouldn't have to be. The blurb writer claims that his novel 'presents a picture – both caustic and diverting – of National Service and London society; and it is, too, a deeply felt and seriously intended study of self-doubt and individual corruption'. Agreed, agreed, and even if we have been over the ground before, Mr Sinclair knows the course well and is an entertaining guide, particularly when he makes his Dylan Thomas face. I couldn't believe such wild and whirling words could cope with debbery. This is a very creditable first novel.

*Love from Everybody* is designed to entertain. To ensure this, we are offered a precocious schoolboy, an eccentric American millionairess, a young Scot who gives the key of his flat to all the prettiest girls, and the Edinburgh Festival. The time and the place conjure up the loved ones and our

hero struggles manfully to explain their presence to his fiancée. More Thorne Smith than P. G. Wodehouse, one would think, and so, at its worst, it is. But Mr Hanley can write far better than his plot deserves, so that despite the predictable last line, the slapping and tickling and rookery-nookery, Mr Hanley's characters do sometimes surface, and behave and talk like people. But only sometimes; the plot soon sucks them down.

JAMES MITCHELL

## Symptom of Disease

**Social Theory and Christian Thought.** By W. STARK. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

As a contribution to either sociology or theology this book will, or at any rate ought to, pass unnoticed. It is a turgidly written collection of essays on Pascal, Kierkegaard, Newman, Scheler, Bergson and Meinecke prefaced by a long introduction to the book's central themes. The most important of these is the unoriginal contention that from Christian theology the conception of good growing providentially from evil passes into social thought as the conception of individual and unco-ordinated purposes co-operating to produce beneficial effects for society. In the course of the argument mechanistic and materialistic thought appears as the villain of the melodrama, Roman Catholic theology as the heroine. Why then notice this banal production in a review? Because it is nonetheless an important book, not for itself so much as for the extent to which it represents an important trend in British academic life.

It is a worth-while over-simplification to see British intellectual life as divided between two opposing ideologies. On the one hand there is the empiricism of those who collect facts and distrust theorising. On the other hand there is the purveying or the attempt at purveying general ideas detached from actuality. In the social sciences the adherents of the former standpoint publish volumes of statistical information in which the inclusion or omission of particular pieces of information can occur on the most arbitrary principles of selection. The adherents of the latter either proclaim the need for 'new foundations' for political thought or else preach a gospel so general that the question of its applicability to a given society can hardly arise. Dr Stark's book is a prize example of the latter kind.

What Dr Stark takes from the writers who provide his subject-matter varies from essay to essay. Pascal, Newman and Kierkegaard are all much diminished by his presentation of them. Scheler and Bergson appear as far more important than they really are. But every essay is disfigured by the same remoteness from any facts about society, and the result is that there is no matching up of theories with facts at all. In similar fashion the affirmation of ideals is divorced from any account of the actions necessary to translate these ideals into reality. Dr Stark quotes from Kierkegaard the assertion that "No politics ever has, no politics ever can, no worldliness ever has, no worldliness ever can, think through or realise to its last consequences the thought of human equality . . .' and goes on to agree with Kierkegaard that only religion can do this. But nothing positive about the political content of equality is ever said and the only practical consequence is a condemnation of what Dr Stark calls 'the proletarian movement'.

The absence of factual content is essentially an absence of history. Dr Stark's subjects appear uttering their timeless truths or untruths in a way that makes the historical context of their utterances merely an accidental backcloth. This is especially disappointing since Dr Stark asserts at the outset that one outcome of his position is the demand for 'a descriptive sociology modelled, not on the natural sciences, not on mechanics or biology, but on the cultural disciplines, above all on history. . . .' This is admirable and the mention of Max Weber a little later might have raised our hopes. But history thereafter is present only in the vaguest way.

I suspect that I understand why. For the counterpart of the generality and abstractness of Dr Stark's type of social theorist is the empiricism of so many contemporary historians. The sort of history that is merely the collection of facts is barren for the sociologist's purposes, for it in no sense helps us to understand; and without historical understanding one will inevitably be thrown back on to theorising after the manner of Dr Stark. That it should be possible to write books like his after what Weber and Tawney, let alone Marx, have taught us, tells us something important about our academic culture.

Finally there are two incidental flaws in this book which are not irrelevant to its central defects. There is a total lack of rigour in arguments. And this is not only a matter of Dr Stark's own arguments. It is also a question of the uncritical attitude that he adopts to his heroes. So, for example, in the essay on Bergson we get an extraordinary compound of bad logic and historical half-truth leading to the Bergsonian thesis that Kepler was 'the real inspirer of all mechanistic thought'. Most significant of all is the treatment of Marx. I quote two passages.

> It would not be true to say that Kierkegaard desired equality as much as Marx did: he desired it in fact much more fervently. The difference does not lie there. It lies rather in the fact that Kierkegaard refused to see the individual as a number, a non-entity, and to conceive ideal society as a collection of non-entities, a human ant-hill.

> For Marx it was a matter of course that ideal society was a problem of economics and that it could be secured by a redistribution of wealth.

This is pure travesty. And so long as social theorists are content with travesties of Marx, so long perhaps will it be inevitable that, as Herzen puts it, they will seem to themselves to be the doctors of a sick society, whereas they are in fact merely symptoms of its disease.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

## Rare Chekhov!

**The Unknown Chekhov.** Translated, with an Introduction, by AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY. *Peter Owen.* 25*s.*

Like many others, I grew up on Mrs Garnett's Chekhov under the impression of a writer profuse in stories, who one day would throw off a pale skit, the next deepen his tones to a profound sympathy. Since then we have learnt to separate the comic beginnings from the later fruition; Chekhov has been set in order; and the gain both in understanding and in enjoyment has been enormous. The gay or empty little sketch no longer leaves us unsatisfied; we know that, later on, the very same theme or character may return, this time with the liberation that could only be Chekhov's. There is nothing final about even some of his best stories: for example, *The Grasshopper,* which reveals how a wife, her head stuffed with fashionable artistries, patronises her husband, a doctor – as it happens – of genius. So living are the individuals and the ironies lightly impressed that a film made from this story achieved a richness hardly inferior to Chek-

**"ARTIST, CRITIC & TEACHER" 2/6**
John Berger, Lindsay Anderson, Brian Groombridge, Kenneth Tynan, Christopher Logue.

Also still available a few copies of our Whitsun Report, **"ART, SCIENCE & EDUCATION" 5/-**

Both illustrated. Both compiled by John Morley.

Send to: Hans Lobstein, Secretary, JOINT COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION THROUGH ART, 12 The Green, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

★ ★ ★ ★

COMING SOON: 8 Day Conference on The Visual Persuaders, Film and TV, in conjunction with British Film Institute at the National Film Theatre.

**FIRESIDE FUSILIER**

**The Earl of Wicklow**

*Introduction by*
EVELYN WAUGH

"So many soldiers 'did their bit' all through the Second World War without going into action, unless in air raids, that their stories deserve to be told. **Fireside Fusilier** is one of those unpretentious little sketches that get nearer to the heart of a worthwhile theme than do some more ambitious ventures." **The Times**

"His sincere and wise book does a real service to the British Army." **Daily Express**

*Illustrated* 15s. net

**HOLLIS & CARTER**

An Irish Coxswain

**Business as usual**

Whatever the weather the Lifeboat Service is on the job, saving over 600 lives a year. It is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. Help it to keep going by sending a contribution, however small, to:—

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1
Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary:
Col A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

hov's own plays; and all it had done was to expand ideas and act on hints. Any addition to what is already familiar, and especially, of course, work hitherto untranslated – so long as it is set out in its proper sequence – must revive our whole pleasure in Chekhov.

Such is certainly the case with *The Unknown Chekhov* – irresistible title! Not quite so much of the later gold, as it turns out, is wholly new; but there is more than enough to make this book a rare find. Of the three or four long stories ranking with the highest, I had read before 'A Visit to Friends' (the disillusionment of old friendships renewed during a four-day country visit); but not 'An Unpleasantness' (one of his best hospital pieces) or 'Peasants'. The last captures at once with its opening sentences and that gentle, casual grip of which Chekhov knew the secret:

> Nikolay Chikildeyev, a waiter in the Moscow hotel, Slavyansky Bazar, has been taken ill. His legs went numb and his gait became unsteady, so that one day, as he was going along the corridor, carrying an order of ham and peas on a tray, he stumbled and fell. . . .

Those peas scatter down the page as one reads on how the poor chap went with his wife and child to live with relatives in his native village; and how the wide night sky could not take away from the horror of a tumble-down cabin, black bread dipped in water, soot and flies, numb lives. With the incursions of a drunken son, a village fire, the samovar snatched away to pay taxes, the realisation of the old waiter's mistake in coming here grows intolerable; he falls ill on the stove bed, is cupped, and dies. In the spring his widow and daughter start off among the puddles on their long return to Moscow. This, it would seem, is the end; but in a sense Chekhov never ends, and half-a-dozen years later he added two more chapters: the young daughter has been put out to work in a vile apartment house, and they get a letter from the village, which makes them dream of saving up to pay it another visit. One of the oddities about this particular village has been that it has always provided a trickle of waiters to a particular Moscow hotel, ever since one Matveichev had so made his fortune.

The only thing to break the illusion of this wonderful story is here and there a jarring word in the translation. Reading Chekhov, one should never or rarely be aware of words as such. 'Deuce take him!' from a peasant woman is indefensible; and hasn't the excuse of Americanisms which elsewhere – 'feldscher', 'yes, *sir*', 'bam!' etc. – are bound to grate on an English ear. However, these verbal impediments are trifling and few.

A final section includes one of Chekhov's reportings, of a 6,000-mile coach journey across Siberia. The hazards and cursings, vast landscapes, bitter weather prolonged into summer, inns, convicts, wildfowl met by the way extend to a panorama that seems far to have outgrown these forty-odd pages, which are among the most actual Chekhov has brought us. For this, and for the several long stories referred to, the book would be well worth double its price. But, as I've said, there's also the pleasure of introduction and promise in the earlier work, which makes the whole book yet another indispensable and sad-glad journey through Chekhov.

G. W. STONIER


# THE SERGEANT

## by DENIS MURPHY

"...a remarkable book. It has none of the faults of a young first novelist, faults which took me many years to overcome because I thought they were virtues."

—JOHN STEINBECK

"This is a first novel; Mr. Murphy has built a solidly terrifying suspense ... tense, clinical detail."

—SUNDAY TIMES

"An absorbing story ... superbly done. The dénouement is fast, sensational."

—TIMES LIT. SUPP.

*Just Published* 15/- net

MULLER


# Shorter Reviews

**The Living World of the Old Testament.** By BERNHARD W. ANDERSON. *Longmans.* 30s.

A hundred years ago the great majority of churchmen believed that the *Origin of Species* was heresy and that unless one accepted to the letter every fable in the Old Testament, Christianity would fall to pieces. Today, the effort to prevent this catastrophe is in another direction, and leaders of Christian thought are using archæology and the chemistry of the carbon method to prove how closely the Old Testament accords with new discoveries about the ancient world. This work, by the Professor of Biblical Theology at an American university, is only one of many modern books which set about the task. It is better described as a handbook; few could read it at a sitting and master such detail. But teachers of scripture, whether priests or laymen, will find that if they cannot afford the fat volumes of the *Interpreter's Bible*, they here have value for money. There are maps; there are photographs; there is a good bibliography for ordinary people, and there are constant and engrossing allusions to Bible chapter and verse over the period from the Exodus to the time of Daniel.

E. M.

**The Healing Voice: Treatment by Hypnosis.** By PHILIP MAGONET. *Heinemann.* 18s.

Dr Magonet has tried to discuss the history, technique and application of hypnosis. He deals with its use for the relief of psychosomatic symptoms, the pains of childbirth, sexual variations and various symptoms of anxiety. He explains the origin of some of the troubles with which hypnosis is able to cope. Hypnosis is an interesting subject which has been much studied. Its public discussion has been bedevilled by stunt and stage so that there is probably a place for a clear and sensible study. This is not it. In his account of psychological mechanisms Dr Magonet does little more than engage in medical gossip, so trivial is his inquiry. He tries to promote hypnosis, but not to study it. The result is unconvincing.

D. A. P.

# Week-end Competition

**No. 1,511** **Set by Scythrop**

Tobacco, once hymned by Calverly and others, is now under a cloud. Competitors are invited to submit a song (limit 16 lines) for or against 'the weed'. Entries by 17 February.

**Result of No. 1,508** **Set by Buzfuz**

In a recent speech, Lord Kilmuir told of a student who, when asked whether he had read Einstein's Relativity, said 'No, I'm waiting for the film'. Readers are asked to give an extract, with suggestions for casting, from the script of this film or of the film of Archimedes's Principle, Boyle's Law, Pythagoras's Theorem, Gresham's Law, the second law of thermodynamics, Mendel's Law, Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, or Parkinson's Law. Limit, 200 words.

**Report**

Although I had the occasional sensation of having strayed by mistake into *The New Scientist*, this competition confirmed my belief that *NS* competitors are Arts types at heart; the more esoteric laws of science tended to be rejected in favour of the more Fourth-Form teachings of Pythagoras—the general favourite—and Archimedes, though Einstein had quite a strong following. Pythagoras perhaps naturally suggested either eternal triangles or rock 'n' roll squares.

Casting produced few surprises. The Marx Brothers fitted into a variety of roles, and so did Yul Brynner. Einstein and Archimedes suggested all manner of actors from Errol Flynn to Cecil Parker. There was general agreement as to the femininity of both Hypotenuse and Eureka.

I suggest prizes should be shared between the three entries printed. Runners-up: J. A. Lindon, G. J. Tee, Eileen M. Haggitt, S. M. Mansell, Jonathan Staggers, Oliver Hunter and Alan F. Wallis.

RELATIVITY!

*(Interior of starship* Daedalus *en route for Vega IV. The lovers, whose apparent ages are about four years, are seated heads-together before the instrument panel.* ROCKY *is singing softly, beating chords from an electric guitar plugged into the spacedrive.)*

When I was young I fell downstairs
To meet the floor's resistance,
And found myself proportional
Inverse with squares of distance—
But now it's trite to move as light,
Like wavicles on wing,
And gee! we aint proportional
To any sky-durned thing. . . .

PEARL: Honey . . .
ROCKY: Uh-huh?
PEARL: I'm scared. Pete's at them motors again. What's to happen if that crazy egg tops the speed of light? Look, we're doing 186,000 right now. One more mile per second, and . . .
ROCKY: He kehnt do it. He kehnt.
PEARL: But why, Rocky?
ROCKY: Einstein says he kehnt.
PEARL: I hope Einstein was right, Rocky.
*(*PETE, *an infant, emerges from power chamber.)*
PETE: I done it! We're half a notch over light-speed! Einstein was wrong!
*(All three shrivel up and become babies, then tadpole-like embryos and vanish.)*

Cast played by American child-stars. In earlier scenes by Messrs. Lancaster and Mitchum, with Miss Rita Hayworth.

MARTIN JORDAN

COSMIC AGENT

*(The governments of the universe are worried by a society known as the Red Shift, which is warping the great world-lines and threatening mankind with a terrible secret. Albert Einstein, Cosmic Agent, is*

*called in. His researches lead him to a hidden laboratory.*)

WEYL: So you are awake.

EINSTEIN: Oh, my head!

WEYL: Do not move, fool, or our frame of reference will contract you. You remember Fitzgerald?

EINSTEIN: Devil!

MINKOWSKI: Quiet, meddler!

(*He turns the Time Dilatator on. Einstein swells up and chokes as the minutes expand inside him. Weyl laughs. The knob clicks back.*)

MERCURY (*a sulky, sultry piece*): Show him the Tensor.

(*She flattens her orbit, revolving as she does so. A grille slides back and a hideous Siamese-monstrosity, all matted hair and madness, crab-sidles in.*)

EINSTEIN *appalled:* Riemann! Christoffel! What have they done to you, my poor friends?

WEYL *significantly:* You will learn. Their components have been—adjusted.

(*Commotion. Enter Doctors Michelson and Morley, in white lab-coats, running, terrified. They dash through the room and out.*)

MINKOWSKI: What—

MERCURY *screams, pointing:* Look! *Look!* The Vierergeschwindigkeit! It's LOOSE!!!

Cast: EINSTEIN, Gilbert Harding; MERCURY, Brigitte Bardot; MINKOWSKI, Alastair Sim; WEYL, George Sanders.

J. A. LINDON

PYTHAGORAS'S THEOREM

(*Final Scene: Before the Bridge of Asses. Pythagoras, obviously moribund, overhears the Squares on the Other Two Sides.*)

SQUARE: This thing is bigger than both of us.

PYTHAGORAS: No, you're wrong; it's equal to you both. You gotta give me the chance to prove it—you just gotta.

(*Pythagoras staggers to his feet and sings.*)

PYTHAGORAS: I have a mania
Thanks to Urania
Who is my guardian Muse
To prove that the Square
Of the two of you there
Is the same as the Square
On the Hypotenuse.

(*Miraculously restored, Pythagoras dances out the figure of his famous theorem and falls exhausted into the arms of the Wright-angled Triangle.*)

WRIGHT: You did it, Py, you did it; you're gonna be rich and famous.

PYTHAGORAS: No, I set out on a long journey. Mebbe—like parallels—will meet—again—at Infinity.

(*Pythagoras expires smiling. A dove is seen soaring heavenwards as Angel Choirs sing.*)

Cast: PYTHAGORAS, Dr. J. Bronowski; A WRIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE, The Beverley Sisters; SQUARE ON THE HYPOTENUSE, Robert Morley; A LINE PRODUCED INDEFINITELY, Eamonn Andrews. Music by Sigmund Rhomboid.

LYNDON IRVING

# The Chess Board

### No. 482. More from Hastings

Even though, what with the last minute cancellation of both Tal and Olafsson (and the promotion of Gereben and Füster from the Reserves to the Premier), neither tournament was as uncommonly strong as it might have been, there was quite a crop of interesting games. Here, first, to give the victor once more his due, the brevity won by Uhlmann against Wade; it is interesting on account of the drastic punishment for a single slip in the opening.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P x P; (3) Kt-KB3, P-QB4; (4) P-Q5, Kt-KB3? (P-K3!); (5) Kt-B3, P-K3; (6) P-K4, P x P; (7) P-K5! P-Q5; (8) B x P, Kt-B3 (P x Kt??); (9) P x Kt, P x Kt; (10) Q-K2 ch, K-Q2; (11) B-B4, Q-R4; (12) R-Q1 ch, Kt-Q5; (13) B-Kt5 ch and wins.

Now here—Darga-Radiocic—is another interesting position. /r1b2rk1/1pp1b1pp/kt2pp3/p6q/2PPR3/1P3KtP1/PB3PBP/R2Q2K1/. By (1) . . . P-K4 Black went in for what looked like a promising P-sacrifice, but Darga told me later that he had foreseen and provided for it. After (2) P x P, Kt-B4 Darga continued (3) P x P! and since obviously the R is taboo on account of

A delightful fragrant delicate golden flake

ONE OUNCE AIRTIGHT TINS

4/7

ASCOT GOLD CUT

AB3A

THE EASY WAY OF SLIMMING

BY Rallie

YOUR GOOD FIGURE REGAINED

**Improved health and complexion follows daily use of the Rallie Method.** The man pictured here, like thousands of other men (and women) throughout the country, is practising a simple, safe and altogether delightful method of figure and health culture that has put the old, arduous "daily dozen" right out of fashion. He is using the wonderful Rallie Massage Belt. So easy to use, it already has brought back his youthful waistline and given him better health without resort to diets or drudgery.

**Five minutes a day eases inches away!**

Here is a method of gentle self-massage that will fascinate you. Just a few minutes of effortless yet exhilarating stretch-and-relax movements each day will soon have you looking slimmer and younger (and feeling better) than you have done for years. You'll begin each day with new zest for business and social activities. The Rallie Massage Belt takes away that "tummy" and makes everything you wear look twice as smart. Moreover, this safe and thoroughly invigorating home treatment is fully recommended by the medical profession for men (and women) of all ages in every walk of life.

★ Learn what to do from our FREE Illustrated Booklet ★

*Write for this Booklet today (or cut out this advertisement and add your name and address).*

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LIMITED
(Dept. 180A), 314 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

P x B, Radiocic played . . . B x P, the sequel being evidently a forced win for White: (4) Q-Q4, Q-Kt3; (5) Kt-K5, Q-Kt4; (6) P-KR4, Q-B3; (7) R-B4, Q-K2; (8) R x R ch, Q x R; (9) B-Q5 ch, B-K3; here White forced immediate resignation by one powerful move, and that might as well save me the diagram for **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners. What, then, was the winning move?

In the major section of the Premier Reserves the most interesting game occured in the last round when Heemsoth, defending a K-Gambit against Horne, lived up to old Steinitz's advice of using the King as a powerful piece for attack. Here's the position after Black's 23rd move: /r3r3/ppp5/2kt5/4Pk2/5p2/5Kt1b/PPP5/R1B1R1K1/.

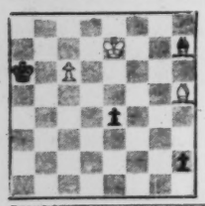
(24) Kt-R4 ch, K-Kt5; (25) Kt-Kt6, R-KKt1; (26) Kt x P, QR-KB1; (27) K-R2, Kt-Q5!; (28) R-Kt1 ch, K-R5; [Kt x B is now ruled out on account of . . . R-B7 ch!!, followed by . . . Kt-B6 ch or . . . K x Kt alternatively]; (29) R x R, R x R; (30) B-K3, Kt-B6 ch; (31) K-R1, R-KR1!; (32) P-K6, K-Kt6; (33) Kt-K2 ch, K-Kt5; (34) B-Q4, R-R2; (35) R-Kt1 ch [forced], Kt x R; (36) K x Kt, R-K2; (37) B x RP, R x P; (38) Kt-Q4, R-KB3; (39) B-Kt8, P-B4; (40) Kt-Kt3, R-B8 ch; (41) K-R2, R-B7 ch; (42) K-Kt1, R-Kt7 ch and wins.

Finally, here's a brevity won by 18-year-old Michael Clarke in one of the minor Reserve Tournaments. His opponent is a well known player who shall be nameless on account of his unhealthy appetite for pawns, so unlike his usual style. Young Michael seems a gifted player and is one of the hopes of the Epsom Club.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) P-K5, P-QB4; (4) P-QB3, Kt-QB3; (5) Kt-KB3, Q-Kt3; (6) B-Q3, B-Q2; (7) O-O, P x P; (8) P x P, Kt x P; (9) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; (10) Kt-B3, Q x P; (11) R-K1, Q-B2; (12) Kt x P, Q-Q1; (13) B-KB4, R-B1; (14) Q-Kt3, B-B3; (15) B-B4, B-K2; (16) Kt x B, Kt x Kt; (17) QR-Q1, Q-R4; (18) B x P, P x B; (19) Q x KP, resigns.

**B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both draws and both prize-specimens of their authors' early work. Usual prizes, entries by 16 February.

**B:** Leonid Kubbel 1914



**C:** A. S. Selesniev 1912

REPORT on No. 479. Set 17 January.

A: (1) Kt-Q6 ch, B x Kt; (2) Kt x Q etc.
B: (1) Kt-B4 ch, K-R3; (2) Kt-K6, R-K1 (forced); (3) P=Q!, R x Q; (4) Kt-B5, R-Kt4!; (5) Kt-Kt6!! etc.
C: (1) K-R8!!, P-Kt7; (2) Kt-Kt8!!, P=Q; (3) Kt x P, Q x P (best); (4) R-K7 ch, K-Q4; (5) R x Q, K x R; (6) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (7) P-B6, P-Kt6; (8) P-B7, P-Kt7; (9) P=Q, P=Q; (10) Q-KB5 ch etc.

Many missed the final subtlety of **B**; even so a score of correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, K. Beaumont, W. M. Hancock, F. R. Oliver, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

# City Lights

## Plus Ça Change

You have a holiday – a real holiday, with no newspapers – and come back to the City, and you thumb your way with a conscientiously pent-up interest through the heap waiting for you on the doormat, and what do you find? You find, those of you forced to sniff your way through this sort of stuff once a month or so, something which the habit of writing it is gradually bringing home to me. The City, like most things, is mainly made up of important things going on steadily all the time, the frigid 99 per cent. of the financial iceberg. But if you're after something warmer, then the City has to become a Laugharne: a dark, busy mixture of smells in the background, a foreground filled with the same themes, interests, and people coming on over and over again.

You come back to the doormat, at any rate, and what do you find? First, of course, you find tidied up the loose ends you left behind you when you went. You find that Her Treasuryship has given her posthumous consent to the smothering of British Aluminium: nobody except poor Lord Portal, funnily enough, seems to have made much of the fact that a Tory Chancellor was interfering only too pointedly in a City dispute by not giving his automatic consent to what would normally have been an entirely formal application. You find that Mr Wilson has handled the matter as to the patent-leather-shoes-born, that Lord Chandos, the little man's practised champion, has promised to treat AEI shareholders better than British Aluminium shareholders were treated by Lord Portal, and that Mercury Securities – a more popular *parvenu* than the house of Warburg itself – has chosen the best possible of moments to make its long-expected issue.

On from British Aluminium. You find Mr Errol informing a fascinated House that foreign holdings of British shares are a good thing. You find at once that Linen Thread is at last selling its American subsidiary and that Massey-Ferguson (as part, no doubt, of its psychological war against Lord Tedder and Standard Motor) is bidding for control of Perkins, a successful diesel engine manufacturer in difficulties. Mr Perkins, of Perkins, a family business, is to be offered £30,000 for loss of office. Mr Baron, of Carreras, another family business, is getting £29,237 (though Sir Garrard Baron, the ex-chairman, is to get nothing). The market for these things is obviously beginning to establish its level.

And then? Bank rate, of course. Three-quarters of London seems to be expecting the Bank rate to come down again, while half of New York is expecting the discount rate to go up again: the pound, of course, is strong and the dollar, of course, is weak. Grandma says she is not worried about inflation for the moment, Uncle Martin still is. Wall Street, his favourite example of inflationary psychology, he now shrugs off; but the government bond market is more delicate than ever, the labour situation is disquieting (watch that summer steel showdown!), and he now has enough confidence in the business recovery to be fingering his interest rates longingly.

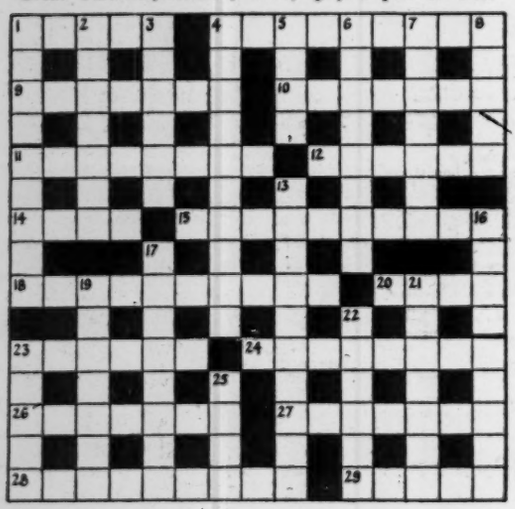
Unit trusts? Naturally. There's one big new one, jointly backed by Rothschilds, who are blue-blooded by City standards but know nothing about unit trusts, and the National Group, who are less blue-blooded but know quite a lot. There's Unicorn (Warburg-backed, *à l'Americaine*) demonstrating the absurdity of block offers by closing its own before closing time. There's Sir David Eccles, gallantly proclaiming that there's no need for tighter legislation while offering to welcome the suggestions which the more maidenly trusts have been pressing on him for years. And there are rumours, a little stronger than usual, that American brokers are anxious to start mutual funds to invest in British shares, now exceedingly attractive by comparison with those offered on Wall Street.

Let's get on to the boys. This time we have Mr Bernstein, of Granada, following the established television baron model, claiming to know nothing of the City (cries of oh! oh!), but gracefully giving way to unexpectedly public pressure. Sir Hartley has his life peerage, and so has Professor Robbins – does it rank above or below Sir Roy's knighthood? Colin Hurry is in the headlines at last. Krupps seems finally to be getting away with everything. *Plus ça change.*

TAURUS

# Week-end Crossword 341

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 341, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 17 Feb.*



ACROSS

1. The novelist almost came with us (5).
4. The legal profession tortured and jeered at (9).
9. 'Down the swift Hebrus to the —— shore' (Milton) (7).
10. I falsify the situation in the reverse of gloomy newspapers (7).
11. Window which provides escape but with an interruption (8).
12. Moves slowly as islands (6).
14. The horse is not given its head with ten stone (4).
15. It takes perhaps a gent in his prime to fecundate (10).
18. Watch before the end of the race for a means of getting the result (10).
20. Twilight of Mrs Adams? (4).
23. Curve for a vehicle without decoration (6).
24. Machines, one of which would take the rubbish wagon back (8).
26. Lamb following a relative for silk stuff (7).
27. My friend has it in him to follow me and copy (7).
28. Greek who discovers his street in ruins (9).
29. Place for putting colour (5).

DOWN

1. Weather situation when there is snow at the seaside? (4, 5).
2. Art of a mother embracing her child (7).
3. The pluck I show in climbing expeditions (6).
4. Time the ban differently for a political theorist (10).
5. Went on horseback in a round-up without a ring (4).
6. State of being a foreigner with a right to retain property before age (8).
7. God changes his rank (7).
8. Draughts for a saint among animals (5).
13. The qualities of decent relationships (10).
16. A place in England for oriental splendour? (4, 5).
17. Enlarges in adaptation for officers (8).
19. Lord, there was flooding in East Anglia! (7).
21. Abuse an instrument before half-term (7).
22. Playing as substitute? (6).
23. Without his berth the explorer would be a rating (5).
25. Plague half of a capital (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 339*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | O | A | C | H | T | R | I | P | S | | I | C | E | S |
| H | | G | | O | | A | | E | | M | | O | | U |
| A | P | E | N | N | I | N | E | S | | A | N | N | A | N |
| P | | N | | O | | G | | E | | N | | T | | G |
| | S | T | O | R | M | O | N | T | | D | R | I | L | L |
| S | | | | O | | A | | R | | N | | A | | |
| P | U | L | L | M | A | N | | S | E | A | L | E | G | S |
| A | | A | | A | | | | W | | N | | S | | |
| C | A | N | D | I | D | E | | M | A | N | E | T | T | E |
| E | | G | | N | | A | | O | | | | | | S |
| S | P | U | R | S | | T | O | R | E | A | D | O | R | |
| H | | E | | T | | A | | O | | B | | M | | S |
| I | N | D | I | A | | B | U | C | H | A | R | E | S | T |
| P | | O | | Y | | L | | C | | S | | G | | U |
| S | A | C | K | | B | E | F | O | R | E | H | A | N | D |

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 339

*R. A. D. Forrest (Harlow)*
*T. W. Wallace (Gullane)*
*R. H. Davis (Henley-on-Thames)*

*CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS*
*cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.*
*N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

### LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for appointment to the position of CHIEF INSPECTOR in the Children's Department. This is a new appointment and the selected candidate will be required:—

(i) To advise the Children's Officer on the professional aspects of child care work throughout the department, with particular reference to family casework and the care of children in foster homes and in residential establishments.

(ii) To co-ordinate and direct the work of four Inspectors of Child Care who carry out the more detailed aspects of the duties outlined above within certain prescribed limits.

Candidates should have high professional qualifications as well as wide experience in child care, preferably in a senior position, within a large organisation comparable to the Council.

(Applications submitted in response to the earlier advertisement will be reconsidered: no fresh application is necessary).

Salary £1,422-£1,705. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E1/131), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 21 February 1959.

### LEEDS EDUCATION COMMITTEE
Leeds Day Training College

Applications are invited for the post of Principal (man or woman). The College is intended to provide courses for mature students (men and women) who are not able to take a residential course. The first students will be admitted in September 1959. The College will have accommodation in modernised school buildings for 150 students and will provide courses of training for work in infant, junior and secondary modern schools.
Salary (for a man) £1,750 – £50 – £1,900; for a woman £1,625 – £50 – £1,775 pending pay equalisation.
For particulars and form of application apply to the Chief Education Officer, Education Department, Calverley Street, Leeds, 1.

GEORGE TAYLOR,
Chief Education Officer.

### WANTED

1. GRAPHIC DESIGN ARTIST
male or female, possibly with Agency experience, for our Publicity Department, to double the jobs of resident artist, art-buyer, lettering artist, exhibition designer, showcard designer, and typographer on all Penguin publicity material. This is an exciting chance for a young designer with original ideas to develop personally a very high standard of design for publicity, which should be an accurate reflection of the design standards of the books themselves. We are looking for an artist in the 24-35 age group.

2. PUBLICITY ASSISTANT
with some experience as an Account Executive (or perhaps as a copywriter) at an Advertising Agency, or in a large publicity department. An exceptional chance for an efficient young man who is interested in gaining all round experience in a number of different fields: he will work on Direct Mail, Press Advertising, Editorial Publicity, Research, and Display Material. We are looking for a man under 30, interested in books, and keen to make a career in publishing.

3. COPYWRITER OR JOURNALIST
male or female, for an unusual job: preparing the descriptive blurbs for the covers of Penguins, Pelicans, and Puffins. We want someone of University or equivalent standard of education, who is a quick reader, and can write clearly and simply.

Please write with full details of experience and present salary, quoting '1', '2', or '3' to the Publicity Manager, PENGUIN BOOKS LIMITED, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

EXPERIENCED Leader required at Easter or sooner to develop club work for young adults and teenage mixed group. Good premises greater London. Salary £350 to £400 with accom. Applications to Director of Personnel, YMCA, 108 Baker Street, W1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

### CUMBERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE
FURTHER EDUCATION TUTORS

The Authority is extending its provision for formal and informal further education. It is particularly concerned about the needs of young people leaving school. Applications are now invited from suitably qualified candidates, preferably graduates, for four appointments as FURTHER EDUCATION TUTORS in the Cleator Moor, Cockermouth, Egremont and Millom areas of the County. Preference will be given to candidates with varied experience in further education.

Each tutor will be based on a secondary school which has been built recently or is to be built in the near future. Subject to the guidance of the head of the school, who will exercise a general oversight of further education activities in the area, the tutor will be in day-to-day charge of the principle further education centre and will assist in the development and general organisation of formal and informal educational and social activities in a defined area around the school. The appointments offer considerable scope for persons of initiative and enthusiasm, who are keen to take part in the development of further education.

The salary for each post will be in accordance with Grade 'B' of the Burnham Scales for teachers in establishments for further education. (Men—£682 10s.× £26 5s to £1,075 5s; Women—£609× £21 to £861, with equal pay adjustment.)
Car allowance will be payable in accordance with an appropriate county scale.
Forms of application (to be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement) and further particulars may be obtained from me.
Applicants should indicate for which posts they wish to be considered.

GORDON S. BESSEY
Director of Education,
5 Portland Square, Carlisle.

### CUMBERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE
CLUB LEADERS ATTACHED TO SCHOOLS

The Authority is particularly concerned with the needs of girls who have just left school. To help with this challenging problem, it is proposed to appoint two women teachers as club leaders at the Solway House School, Maryport, and the Victoria School, Workington.
Under the head of the school, the club leader will be responsible for developing informal activities amongst school leavers by undertaking a small amount of teaching in the school itself and also acting as the leader of a club for girls who have left school. These appointments offer an opportunity to teachers with initiative and enthusiasm, who are sympathetic to the needs of adolescent girls. The salary scale for each post will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale for teachers in primary and secondary schools.
Forms of application (to be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement) and further particulars may be obtained from me. Applicants should indicate whether they wish to be considered for one or both posts.

GORDON S. BESSEY
Director of Education,
5 Portland Square, Carlisle.

### MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, Room 522, 47 Baker St, London, W1, marking the envelope 'S.M.'

CHILD CARE OFFICER TRAINING
Trained CHILD CARE OFFICERS are urgently needed. One year courses are provided at Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics. Men and women qualified in social science, teaching or health visiting and graduates in other subjects with relevant experience are invited to apply for information. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1959, candidates should apply before 1 March. Information from Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (46), Horseferry House, Thorney St, London, SW1.

EDUCATIONAL Publishers have vacancy for Editorial Assistant with teaching experience or previous editorial experience in educational publishing. Apply A. & C. Black, Ltd, 4, 5 & 6 Soho Square, W1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

### CANADA
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
FACULTY OF EDUCATION

The Faculty of Education, University of Alberta, invites applications for the following teaching positions, chiefly at the Assistant Professor rank, appointments to become effective 1 September 1959. The appointees will be expected to teach in the fields indicated.

At EDMONTON
Methods in mathematics (Division of Elementary Education).
Art education (Division of Elementary Education).
Methods in science (Division of Elementary Education).
Education psychology ((Division of Educational Psychology).
Methods in high school science (Division of Secondary Education).
Methods in commercial subjects (Division of Secondary Education).

At CALGARY
Methods in mathematics and science (Division of Elementary Education).
Methods in social studies and English (Division of Elementary Education).
Educational psychology (Division of Educational Psychology).

Further particulars and information as to salary and the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.
Applications close on 15 March, 1959.

SENIOR Scientific Officers (a): Scientific Officers (b). Pensionable posts for men and women in all major scientific fields, including physics, chemistry, biology, meteorology, mathematics. Specially needed are: Physicists for research in physical oceanography; determination of atomic constants from nuclear magnetic resonance, etc.; microwave studies; speech characteristics; computer design. Physicist-Mathematician for Civil Defence problems. Mathematician for problems in the communications field. Geophysicist (frequent overseas surveys). Industrial Physiologist. Chemists for research in organic and/or biochemistry for plant protection; reaction kinetics; radiation chemistry; modern analytical techniques (especially spectrography and chromatography). Biologists for taxonomy of invertebrate animals; fungus systematics; plant pathology; taxonomic botany (Pteridophyta); orchidology; palæobotany. Engineers for research on road construction and traffic flow; wind pressures on buildings; application of servo-control to machine tools. Handwriting Expert for Forensic Science Laboratory. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally, for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g., post-graduate) experience. Normal age limits: (a) between 26 and 31, (b) between 21 and 28, with extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. London salaries (men): (a) £1,190-£1,410, (b) £635-£1,110; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S53/59, (b) S52/59.

CENTRAL Office of Information. The Social Survey Division require an Assistant Information Officer (Unestablished). Duties: carry out field training of interviewers and supervise field work under supervision of IO in charge of this work. Applicants must have experience of interviewing on a wide range of survey enquiries or hold a suitable qualification in the social work or social research field. If no previous experience, they must expect to go through a training period and their appointment in this case will be confirmed only after training has been completed. Applicants should be fully mobile and free to travel to any part of the country at short notice. Salary according to age, quals. and exp. rising to £1,050 (Men), £1,001 (Women). Write giving age, full details of quals. and exp. to Manager (P.E. 279), Ministry of Labour and National Service, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Only applicants selected for interview will be advised.

BBC requires Assistant Floor Manager, Television, in Cardiff (with Vision Mixing duties). Duties include normal Assistant Floor Manager functions (marking up floors, supervision of properties, operation of spot effects, prompt book, floor discipline, plotting camera moves, continuity at filming sessions, etc.) with added responsibility for vision mixing of such programmes as necessary. Knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Candidates must possess the training and experience relevant to stage floor/studio management plus keen and developed interest in general programmes. Salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £855 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.987. N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

PART-time Secretary (mornings) with good speeds, willing to teach Shorthand and Typing, reqd by West End school. Box 5979.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Film Editor, Television, in Cardiff. Must have wide knowledge of film editing in all its aspects, and be able to handle 35mm and 16mm film, negative and positive, with or without magnetic sound tracks, confidently and at speed. Will also be responsible for preparation of dubbing cue sheets. Wide interests, covering sequences, documentary and magazine programmes, essential. Ability to handle sports film and knowledge of Wales and Welsh language an advantage. Salary £970 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,340 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G. 989 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television, in Cardiff. Expected to contribute generally towards television programme content and formulation, to assist in administration, budgeting, and mounting of programmes. May well be required to direct cameras and also to select and direct film sequences and studio treatments. Good educational background and knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Some relevant experience in Television or Sound studios, films or theatre desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.988. N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Talks Producer (Sound Broadcasting). Candidates must have had a good general education, and a University Degree while not essential is highly desirable. They must have done something beyond academic training which has added positively to their fund of experience. A lively but not superficial interest in the arts and in the trends of contemporary thought are essential. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.976 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above position; applicants should be qualified to teach in the Australian-Pacific field. The salary scales for lecturers are Grade II £A1,450 – 60 – £1,630 and Grade I £A1,630 – 60 – £2,050. Appointment will be offered within the range for Lecturers Grade II or Grade I according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 1 March 1959.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service. Psychologist (Vocational Officer) for unestablished post required at Industrial Rehabilitation Unit. Possibility of establishment by open competition later. Age at least 21 years. Qualifications: Good honours degree in psychology or equivalent and preferably with post-graduate training or experience in occupational psychology. Work involves aptitude testing and vocational guidance. National salary scales: Men £575 (at 21)—£920 (at age 30 or on entry if over 30)—£1,215. Women £575 (at 21)—£910 (at 30 or on entry if over 30)—£1,180. Particulars and application forms from MLNS, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting G.159/8A.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (whole-time) reqd. to give diversional therapy to home bound tuberculous patients in NE London. Whitley Council Senior Occupational Therapist salary and condns. Applicn. forms (rtble by 26 Feb.) and partics from Divisional Medical Officer, Drysdale Street, N1. (76.)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Leaders (Trained & experienced—Men & Women) initially for Youth Organisations in Acton for 2 or 3 evenings p. wk. Fee 27s. or 32s. p. evening if suitably qualified. Application forms & further details from Borough Education Officer (sae), Town Hall, Acton, W3, returnable by 9 February. (Quote Z101. NS.)

LONDON County Council, Children's Department. Superintendent and Matron. Married couple, with experience in modern child care, required for joint appointment at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Home is likely to be designated as a special reception centre for children under 12 yrs of age remanded in custody. Superintendent will be in charge and, with psychiatric assistance, responsible for observation and assessment of up to 40 children aged 2-15 yrs. Matron will supervise catering and domestic arrangements. Salaries: Superintendent, £650 rising to £800. Matron, £560 rising to £660, both less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. Only applicants with suitable qualifications and/or experience of residential child care will be considered. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/18), County Hall, London, SE1.

More Appointments Vacant on page 202

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.201

ESSEX. Child Psychotherapists required at Grays and Colchester Child Guidance Clinics (four and six sessions a week respectively). Sessional fee £2 12s. 6d. plus travelling expenses from home to clinic. Consideration would be given to applications for full-time employment between the clinics. Soulbury II salary. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council. Inspector of Physical Education (man) required to organise, inspect and advise upon physical education in various types of educational establishments. Salary £1,000 × £50 – £1,550. Commencing salary above the minimum if appropriate. Application forms, returnable by 18 February, and full details from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/F), The County Hall, London, SE1. (220.)

LEEDS Council of Social Service (Incorporated). Qualified caseworker required to assist in progressive Family Casework Department. Agency for student training. Salary AG and FCW scale according to experience. Details and application forms from General Secretary, 6 Church Row, Leeds, 2.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Child Care Officer. Applications are invited. Salary Grade APT I (£575 × £30 – £725 p.a.), plus London Weighting. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualification. Further particulars and form of applicn (returnable by 17 Feb. 1959) from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E6.

PAID part-time Leader wanted, Sat. and p.m. Sun., playground Islington. Experience with children essential. Apply London Playing Fields Assoc., 38 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

HOUSEFATHER required spastic residential centre for young adults, full social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

CO-OPERATIVE Productive Society requires intelligent hard-working young man. Good education desirable, belief in Co-operation essential. Successful applicant, based Glasgow, can expect commencing wage of £500 p.a. and satisfying work. Send full details to Box 6013.

MANAGER of cafe catering for anti-social adolescents at the Elephant & Castle. Ability to mix without compromising his own values. Interest in research advantage. Sal. £750. Open 5 evenings a week. Box 5936.

EAST Close Hotel, Hinton St Michael, nr Christchurch, Hants, requires competent and experienced Asst Manageress/Housekeeper and Barmaid capable taking full charge two Bars. Personalities must be attractive and ages 25 to 35. Posts well paid for the right people. Write or phone Bransgore 404 or in London FLE. 7874.

TECHNICAL Translation Office in Central London requires a Reviewer to check and correct translations. Thorough reading knowledge of German and French, as well as an ability to write good English, essential, with Spanish, Italian or other languages an advantage. Write giving full details age, exper., qualifications and salary required to Box 5973.

ST John's and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St. John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Bucks. Applications are invited for the post of a Senior Medical Secretary for interesting and varied work in the Medical Secretarial Department at this Mental Hospital. Salary (Grade C) £474 p.a., rising by annual increments to a maximum of £597 p.a. Previous experience in Medical Secretarial work not essential, but applicants should have good shorthand and typewriting speeds, with experience in general office routine. Applications, with two names for reference, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent at the hospital.

SENIOR Clerk (with shorthand and typing); graduate preferred and committee experience desirable. Salary scale £525 × 25 – £650; superannuation and good holidays. Write giving details of age, qualifications and experience to Sec., University of London Institute of Education, Malet St, WC1.

ARTIST-Photographer reqs versatile lady/gent. (25-40), good appearance, cultured manner, available immediately to help organise, attend one man exhibitions within 100-mile radius London and interview clients in own homes often in evening. Own transport useful. Box 5995.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2: 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

WORTHWHILE work, salary, offered to vegetarian (f) by Nature Cure Clinic as Assistant Almoner. Sec., 13 Oldbury Place, W1. WEL. 2787.

ALL ladies know that the better-class and more interesting type of office jobs are always available at Acme Agency, 299 Oxford St, W1. (opp. John Lewis). HYD. 4000.

KIND capable person offered healthy, happy home and salary from March, chiefly to look after boys 3 and 5 years at morning school. Extremely labour-saving house, good daily help. Mrs. Walker, Grey's Orchard, Barby, Nr Rugby.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AT 24, can offer sustained enthusiasm; therefore work must leave room for it. BA (Oxon); bilingual English-German; also Russian and French; wide travel, privately and as Courier-Guide. Box 5934.

HISTORY Graduate (f), 23, French, some Spanish, secretarial qualifications, seeks interesting temporary post London, pref. politics, international affairs. Box 5978.

REDUNDANT worker (46) sks change. TU exp., gd speaker, organiser. Own typewriter. Wide ints. Anything consid. Box 5925.

SCANDINAVIAN girl with English, German, Swedish, Finnish, & an Economics Diploma reqs interesting work. Box 6060.

ENGLISH-German shorthand-typist, good French, PhD, translator, seeks job. 10-4. Box 6033.

TOP City Men prefer good secretaries introduced by Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

## STUDENTSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Studentships and Fellowships. Post-Graduate Studentships and Junior and Senior Fellowships, tenable in the Faculties of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Arts, Science and Music of the University of Edinburgh, will be available for award in session 1959-60. Up to six awards may be made. The value of a Post-Graduate Studentship is £300; if renewed for a second and third year £320 and £340 respectively. The value of a Junior Fellowship is £500; if renewed for a second and third year £550 and £600 respectively. The value of a Senior Fellowship is £750; if renewed for a second and third year £800 and £850 respectively. Applications must be submitted through the Dean of the appropriate Faculty before 1 May 1959. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary to the University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh 8. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships for full-time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£350 p.a., plus tuition fees, for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubber Studentship (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships (value according to need – for one year); In Modern Languages: (e) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship (£100 for one year). Applicants for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing, and for (d) they must be under the age of 28. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, WC1, to whom applications must be returned by 1 March 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

McMASTER University, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, invites applications for Teaching Fellowships from honours graduates who wish to undertake work leading to the Master of Arts degree in one of the following fields: Classics, English, French, German, History, Philosophy, Political Economy, Politics, and Psychology. Fellows receive $1,200 for the academic year (8 months) and are required to devote approximately one-quarter of their time to instructional duties. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Dean of Graduate Studies, McMaster University.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Hugh le May Fellowship for 1960. Applications are invited by 30 April 1959, for the above Fellowship. The value of the Fellowship is £1,400 per annum for one year. It is tenable at Rhodes University and is intended for candidates wishing to do advanced work in one of a number of subjects in the Faculty of Arts. For further details, apply to the Registrar, Rhodes University, Grahamstown, or the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. A. E. Shields, Registrar.

## HOLIDAY TRAVEL

EASTER – Southern Spain and Orange Blossom – 3 weeks – Informal Coach Camping Tour. £25 return fare. Living costs in addn, but picnics and camping keep these down. Some may want hotels, but we shall camp wherever possible. Interested? Box 5768.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

## HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

ENJOY WINTER SUNSHINE
in ISRAEL now!

Until 15 March we offer a complete fortnight's holiday by scheduled airlines for 129 gns. only. (Only 9s. more than air fare alone). You stay at the luxurious

Hotel TADMOR

at Herzlia Beach, near Tel-Aviv.
Easy terms available.

Send NOW for full details
CONTOURS LTD.
(Dept I) 72 Newman Street, London, W1.
TEL.: MUSeum 8499.

RUSSIA FROM 73 GNS

Progressive Tours Ltd specialises in holiday travel in Russia, conducted tours, small parties and individual travel. Tours include the May-Day celebrations in Moscow, leaving London on 25 April with 14 full days in the Soviet Union, and back in London on 18 May for 125 gns. There is also a tour of Moscow and Leningrad, travel is by air, with 9 days in the Soviet Union at 115 gns, or a tour by Russian ship for 73 gns.

ALBANIA 18-DAY TOUR £98 18s.
Progressive Tours Ltd are the only people covering this interesting country.

HUNGARY 57 gns.
A comprehensive 15-day grand tour.

OTHER EASTERN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES
Progressive Tours Ltd arranges tours or individual holidays in CZECHOSLOVAKIA, POLAND, RUMANIA, BULGARIA and all Eastern European countries. Travel can also be arranged in China.

PROGRESSIVE TOURS LTD,
Dept. N.S.3, 100a Rochester Row,
London, SW1.
TATe 2152-3.

YOUR HOLIDAY IS IMPORTANT!

All the year you have saved for the moment when you may relax in the sun, meet new people, see new places – Now is your chance to choose the right holiday at a price you can afford.

From 8½ gns. per week in Britain;
From 24 gns. for 15 days abroad.

Details of our Winter Sports and Summer Holiday arrangements from:

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE, LTD,
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London,
SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

ITALY & GREECE

Easter and summer low-cost tours and visits by land, sea and air;
e.g., Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome, 15 days, 38 gns.; or Florence, 13 days, 29½ gns.; or Venice-Athens-Salonika, 52 gns.
For programme write (sae please):

ET ASSOC., CT BUREAU,
36 Hampstead Road, NW1.

EXPLORE EUROPE
with ETA TOURS

The Educational Travel Association have once again planned a selection of over 200 independent and escorted holidays throughout Europe. Arrangements for 1959 include an Easter Tour to Vienna, low cost visits to the Italian Art Cities, and some exciting new centres in Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Dolomites and on the Italian Lakes. Our prices are as low as ever, from:—
£25 12s. for 15 Days.

Free 32-page brochure from
Dept NS, 3 Fleet Street, EC4.
FLE. 1483.

Two weeks holiday in the
SOVIET UNION
out by boat 72 gns. back by air
(subject to Govt approval)
18 days by boat from 59 gns.
Send NOW for full details to:
CONTOURS LTD,
(Dept S) 72 Newman St,
LONDON, W1.
Tel.: MUSeum 8499.

HOLIDAYS with a 'difference' are organised for a growing number of people who like unconventional and 'off-beat' holidays away from tourist centres. Our programme includes walking holidays in many parts of Europe, sailing off the Dalmatian Coast, sketching near Lugano, camping in Corsica, exploring Greece, Sicily, Macedonia, etc. A p.c. will bring our programme. R.A. Services Ltd, 48a Park Rd, NW1. AMB. 1001.

P.S. Harold Ingham suggests that you spend Easter in Venice. Art & Architecture Party leaves London 26 March – 18 days, 37 gns. Programme including also many Summer Parties from: Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

## HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

IF you want a two-in-one holiday go by air with Wings to Weesen in Switzerland and Lech-am-Arlberg in Austria. The inclusive cost with a week spent at each centre and all travel including air to Stuttgart is 44 guineas. Or a week on Majorca followed by a week at Lloret on the Costa Brava is 46 guineas including air travel. Our 32-page programme contains many examples of holidays which cost little more than normal tourist return air fares alone.—Wings Limited, 48a Park Road, Baker Street, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

EASTER Parties by air to Rome or Majorca, 4 nights all in from 29 gns. Free summer brochure tells of air holidays Majorca, Costa Brava, Ibiza, Torremolinos, Tangier, Portugal, Italian Rivieras, etc. Winter Sports Switzerland/Austria. Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, London, SW3. KNI. 9788.

LEVANT holiday party, few vacs. Fare £16 plus camping/hotel ex's. Box 5915.

## WHERE TO STAY

CARMARTHEN Bay. Comfortable accommodation in country house near Pendine. Own produce. Terms 7 gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne. Laugharne 25.

PONY trekking in Scotland. Glenisla Pony Trekking Centre re-opens on 22 March. Bookings now being taken for summer and autumn. 11-12 gns. inclusive rate. Write for details: Jack Gunn, Glenisla Pony Trekking Centre, By Alyth, Perthshire.

FAIRLIGHT Lodge, Hastings. Historic house, beauty spot, healthy; food good and abundant, comfort. Write C. F. Pocock, Martineau Lane. PETt. 2104.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish borders. A superb holiday! Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

COMBE Martin, Devon, Summerlands Guest House, offers homely mod. accom. 5 mins sea. Home produce. Combe Martin 2205.

CORNWALL. Nr Penzance, 2 miles superb beach. Large Guest House, open all year. Tel. Germoe 3193. 'Ye Olde Vicarage', St Hilary, Goldsithney.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House – The Heads. Wonderful scenery, good food. Tel. 508. Write Anne Coupe.

ISLAND Farm Holiday. Book early to secure an exclusive holiday on Ramsey Island off the west coast of Pembrokeshire for peace & tranquility away from crowds, all mod. cons, reas. terms. Leaflet on request SAE please. Davies, Ramsey Island, Pembs.

LLEYN Peninsular, designated area of outstanding natural beauty, mountain, country, sea. Full brd accom. offered in comf. farmhse; all mod. cons; nicely sit. choice of many lovely beaches. Fresh foods. Send for details & typical menu. Box 5693.

W. Coast of Ireland. Spend your holidays here this year & stay at Avondale House, on Clew Bay, Mulrany, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. 7-8 gns. Easter 25s. daily. 'Steanbridge', Near Stroud, Glos.

NEW Statesman types & vegetarians are welcome. Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Kent.

BRIXHAM. Beautiful in Spring, no crowds. Enjoy privacy, bed-sitters. Civilised modern home, surprisingly inexpensive. Stamp please. Mrs Worsley, Delphi, Windmill Rd, Brixham, Devon.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

POSITANO. Rooms, good food in fine house with perfect view of bay. Moderate terms all seasons. English spoken. Mandara, San Giovanni, Positano, Italy.

PENSION Colin, Kerroc'h-Ploubazlanec, Côtes du Nord. Comfortable rooms, fine position overlooking sea. Quiet & restful.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

BELGIUM. Wenduine-on-Sea. Hotel Normandy, nr beach. Full board 21s. incl. Excel. food. El. tram Ostend/Blankenberge.

## EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS
continued from page 204

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
The University Extension Residential Summer School will be held at Wye College, near Ashford, Kent, from 15-29 August 1959. Fees: from £13, two weeks; £6 10s. one week, according to the course selected from the following: Philosophical Studies; Music; Painting; Literature; The Prophets of Israel; Horticulture To-day—The Science and Practice and Influence on Landscape; History from Records; Principles and Methods of Archaeological Excavation. Applications and further information from the Deputy Director (Ext. N.S.), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, WC1.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
CHESTER SUMMER SCHOOLS
18 July – 1 August 1959
at the Chester Training College

Courses (one or two weeks) on aspects of Literature, Drama, Music, Art, Psychology, Modern Philosophy, Modern Economic Problems, World Affairs; French, German, Spanish and Russian Reading and Conversation; 17th Century Cheshire; Clear Thinking and Expression. Special two-week course in Practical Archæology. Special courses for European and Overseas students.

Single study-bedrooms for all students.

For illustrated Prospectuses apply to:—

Department of Extra-Mural Studies, 9 Abercromby Square, Liverpool, 7.

ROME, Easter School, 26 March-12 April. Roman Gaul, Florence, Etruria, Pompeii. £52 10s. Classics, Univ. Coll., N. Staffs.

OXFORD; Advanced Study Courses for non-Graduates held 18 July to 15 August. Opportunities for individual study in academic surroundings; particulars from Miss L. Gough, 15 Victoria Rd, Oxford.

## PERSONAL

GERMAN girl (18) seeks a job in English home ('au pair') with possibility of attending evening school to pass an interpreting exam. Sieglinde Stock, Kaltenkirchen-Moortaten, Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.

STUDENT fem. driving Mid. East shs compan. (f) sh. exp. Lv. 21 Mar. Box 5960.

INTELLIGENT, educated, competent young mother wants housework: literary/similar (or different). Box 5786.

ART Grad (f.) shs temp. work Lon.; childn/dressmkg/anything. Box 5932.

RESPONSIBLE woman offers baby sitting, in return for bedsitting room. Box 5918.

PART-time services in antique shop, for accom. or small wage. Box 5920.

ANY male/female, middle-aged person, interested to form social circle? Box 6011.

FOSTER Parents sought for attractive 14 months old baby girl, mother British, father American. Enq. to Area Children's Officer, 219 Queen's Road, Peckham, SE15.

ROOM and Board offered in exchange for some domestic help. Box 6008.

WELCOME a French boy or girl into your home as paying guests. Similar arrangements for your children also made in France. Apply to BUS School Travel Organisation (Dept. D.15), 165 Kensington High St, W8, or 116 Bis, Champs Elysées, Paris 8.

ARTIST (part-time) reqd to produce oil portraits from photo's quickly. Box 5922.

GHOST writing & script writing services reqd on freelance basis. Box 5926.

ON Wednesdays till mid-March you may find my telephone unanswered after 10 a.m. Messages can be left with WEL. 6655 and I am old-fashioned enough to answer letters, to 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. Anthony Panting, photographer.

GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, 'phone GER. 8782.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6003.

POTTERY Classes in sml priv. studio. 2 & 3 hr sessions. 7s. 6d. & 10s. WIM. 4773.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

BY correspondence: a professional author will assist new writers with manuscript preparation. Box 6001.

PHOTOGRAPHY, publicity. J. R. Sandy, 6 Gerrard St, W1. GER. 0363.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays, 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Company (Dept NS), Box 6054.

## PERSONAL—continued

UNITY THEATRE TO CLOSE IN TWO WEEKS?

Do you remember Paul Robeson in PLANT IN THE SUN? Did you see THE RAGGED TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS, WINKLES AND CHAMPAGNE, THE STAR TURNS RED, BABES IN THE WOOD, WHAT'S LEFT, LONGITUDE 49, MATCH-GIRLS, NEKRASSOV, MOTHER COURAGE?

Unity Theatre, the only theatre of its kind in the world, is about to close. On Unity's boards have walked many of the theatre's most imaginative artists. It has been a nursery of talent for playwrights, producers, actors, technicians and theatre people of all kinds.

Did you know that three-quarters of all the shows produced at Unity are original scripts?

This theatre will die unless it can find £1,250 in two weeks.

Is yet another theatre to become a Warehouse?

Please help!

Unity Theatre, 1 Goldington Street, London, NW1. EUS. 5391.

This advertisement has been donated by friends of the theatre.

MAKE sure of sun. 4-berth caravan near Antibes on good site. 100 yards sea. April, May, July. Reas. rent. Box 5849.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

ORIGINAL Paintings at less than reproduction prices. 500 works by the best English masters of the last 150 years at prices from 10s. to £15. Please write for lists from Holder, 73 Castelnau, SW13.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni. WEL. 6655 for details.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal C'rses & coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

BOOKS – and time to read them. One-year residential course in Literature, Political Theory, History, Psychology, etc., for women over 20. Excellent preparation for professional training (social work, teaching, etc.). Recognised by Min. of Ed. Grants available. No examinations. Consult Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also wanted, p.g. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

A SANE prep. school? Imaginative but firm? Establishment planned Sept. if sufficient parents interested. Country district, NW London fringe. Box 5440.

YOUR Writing Success begins with 'Know-How'. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. Send for free N.3 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' No Sales No Fees tuition. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

ROYAL Jelly, the fabulous Queen Bee Milk, will help you through these trying months. Packed as a Tonic Food in Clover Honey from our own hives, a 21-day course 42s from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

SEE Meetings column: Watford.

SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

## PERSONAL—continued

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

RESIDENTIAL Short Courses. If you organise residential Courses, Conferences, Summer Schools, etc., and you need a relaxed and informal atmosphere conducive to study; and recreation in pleasant country surroundings, you should write to the Warden, Avoncroft College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

SOCIOLOGY, phychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

JOSEPH Hewlett, psychologist, remedial reading coaching. SW3. Box 5900.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd., 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ENCL. Britannica 14th ed. 24 vols for sale. Excellent cond., £21. Box 5947.

'CHINESE Commune' by David Crook; 'Election Prospects' by R. Palme Dutt in February's Labour Monthly. Also R. P. Arnot's 'A Memoir of G. D. H. Cole'; 'The Suicide Club' (Ivor Montagu); 'Charles Darwin' (Clemens Dutt); 'Africa Awakened' (W. E. B. DuBois); 1s. 8d. or 9s. half yearly, post-free, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

FRENCH Book Sale. Thousands at greatly reduced prices. 18-28 Feb. List on request. Hachette, 127 Regent St, W1.

WANTED Dewey's Decimal Classification and Relative Index. 14th Ed. Box 5749.

ART Books for hospital library. Second-hand art books wanted, any quantity, nearly new condition essential. State titles and price. Box 5974.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

TRIBUNE 21, 19s. by post from Southbank Bookpost, 10 Cleaver Square, SE11.

'13 Ways to Break the Smoking Habit,' by Kurt Salzer, costs only 3s. 6d. in bookshops, less than the price of 20 cigarettes. It may help you! By post 3s. 10d. Duckworth, 3 Henrietta St., London, WC2.

BOOK Tokens s'échangent contre livres français chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

RETIRING in the next 40 years? Whenever it is, read city editor Cecil Chisholm's factual book, The £ s d of Retirement. 'Prepare early', says Chisholm: make this book your first step. Phœnix House. 12s 6d. At bookshops.

## TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

THE St Stephen's Secretariat undertakes all kinds of duplicating and typing. 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217 and VIC. 0031.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5583 and FRE. 8640.

TYPIST with many years' experience authors' work will gladly accept new MSS. Books, plays, theses, French typewriting, etc. Box 5303.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

## TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

## FOOD AND DRINK

HIGHWAYS Vegetarian Cafe, lower ground floor, 273-281 Roxburgh House, Regent St, near corner Margaret St & Regent St.

GREEK Rest, White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

CASTLES in Spain? Don't dream of good living, make it a reality right here at home with superb Spanish El Cid Sherry. This is the light yet full-bodied Amontillado that is so pleasing to the palate.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT

REGENT'S Pk. Lge furn. b/sit., wonderful view; cen. htg, blt-in cupboards & basin, c.h.w., use bath, kit. with frig., tel. 4½ gns. p.w. Suit prof. wom./stud. Box 5976.

HAMPSTEAD – Comfortable single/sharing accommodation with board. SWI. 3365.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SHARE-a-Flat, 175 Piccadilly. HYD. 2545. The right person, or the right flat.

HIGHGATE. Sunny divan room, basin, gas fire, ring. Use of kit. & bath. Elect. light, etc. MON. 3676.

HAMPSTEAD. Really charm. divan-rm (sgle) overl. garden. Good-class accom. in author's house. Cook. facs. Basin, run. hot; use tel., bath. £3. HAM. 7428.

RESPONSIBLE tenant (f) for s/c s.f. mod. flat SW Ldn. Details please: Box 6003.

VACANCY for bus./prof. woman, divan-room, share of kit. 2 gns. MOU. 5438.

REMAINDER of lease (6 mths) for modern s/c. flat Chiswick. 3 rms k. & b. with some f. & f. Moving abt end Mar. Box 5754.

BED-sit. vacant in large pleasant flat near Queensway, shared at present by 3 bachelors & one married couple – age about 30. Share sitting-room, kitchen, etc. Box 6042.

PUTNEY. One attractive furnished divan-room to let, share kit. & bathrm. Suit professional woman. 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

SWISS Cottage. Lge B/S. for one. Kit., b., piano. Private hse. PRI. 5947 morns.

COMF. furn. double room, ground flr; suit student or married couple. Use bath and kitchen. PAD. 8140.

4TH female student wanted share flatlet, Brondesbury Pk. £2 2s 6d. Box 5785.

BACHELORS two offered at mod. rent self-contained furnished flat. Two rms, kitch. bath, tel. London W5. Special. After 7 p.m. or weekend EAL. 3948. Box 5788.

CHELSEA. Cheerful s/c furn. basement flat. Sleep one plus divan sit. rm. £4 10s. No colour bar. FLA. 5325.

UNFURN. self-contained grnd-floor flat. Chiswick. Three large rooms, bathroom. Suit middle-aged couple. Reqs. redec. £3 12s. p.w. incl. No fittings, fixtures. Box 5908.

## ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

EXCH. unfurn. 7-rm house, Leytonstone, 58s. 6d. exchs., for flat/studio-flat, Hampstead/Cent. Lond. MUS. 7277, 8-9 p.m.

## ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ASSISTANT Professor from Madrid Univ. would like to stay with London family interested in learning Spanish. Box 5789.

TWO nursing sisters seek furnished accom., own bath & ckg facs, easy reach Ken. High St. Excellent refs. Box 6024.

QUIET French business girl with siamese cat seeks nicely furnished self-contained flatlet near City. Considerate tenant, moderate rent, urgent. Ring Monday/Friday 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. MON. 7617.

RESEARCH worker requires good self-contained flat, North London. Box 5596.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CONTEMPORARY HOUSES

SOUTHWOOD LANE, HIGHGATE

A few houses for the discriminating will be available in this unique position. Delightful outlook over mature gardens.

Three Bedrooms. Two Reception Rooms. Secluded Patio. Garden and Garage. Electric Central Heating.

£5,750/£6,000. 99 years. Low G.R.

Details from Sole Agents:

FOLKARD & HAYWARD
115 Baker Street, W1

Welbeck 8181

£2,995. Lux. Span Flat at exclusive Ham. Close shops. 2 beds. (fitted w'robes). Lge lounge, beaut. kit., bath. 97½ yrs lease. Imm. possession. Call 5 Pope Court, Parkleys.

## OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

9, 11 & 14 Feb. at 7.30 — Ondine
12 Feb. at 7.30 — Le Lac des Cygnes
14 Feb. at 2.0 — Coppelia

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Last 3 weeks of Season

10 Feb. at 7.30 — Last perf. of Salome
13 Feb. at 7.0 — Aida (in Italian)

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

TER. 1672

Evenings 7.30

10 Feb. — Riders to the Sea, The Telephone, Bluebeard's Castle
11 Feb. — The Flying Dutchman
12 Feb. — Madam Butterfly
13 Feb. — The Merry Widow
14 Feb. — Samson & Delilah

## THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fr. 8. St., Sn., 5, 8. 'Traveller Without Luggage.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 10th Ed. 2nd wk. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems./tckt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973, 1st Perfs Tdy, 5.0 & 8.0. 'A Taste of Honey.'

UNITY EUS. 5391. Puerto Franco, L. Peck's new play. Fri., Sat. Sun. 7.45 Mems.

## CONCERTS

CARL Dolmetsch Recorder Recital, Wigmore Hall, Monday, 9 February, 6.30. With Joseph Saxby & Martin String Quartet. Handel, Purcell, Albinoni, Scheibe, etc. Robert Simpson. 1st perf. 3s. 6d. to 9s. Hall & at Chappells, New Bond St.

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon, 9 February, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. First public performance of Free Cinema. Until Feb. 15: Programme 1. 'Momma Don't Allow' (U), 'A Short Vision' (X), 'Together' (U), 'Lumiere Programme' (U), Massingham, Chris Barber, etc.

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week c. 8 Feb., 7 days. Ingmar Bergman's 'The Seventh Seal' (X). Swedish. Glenn Ford, 'Ransom ' (A).

ICA 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to the Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Jazz. Today Saturday, 7 February, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

## EXHIBITIONS

LOVIS Corinth: 1858-1925. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 February: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

POLITICAL Comment & Social Satire. The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. From 10 a.m.—midnight. Until 28 Feb.

CONTEMPORARY Sculpture from Poland. 1st London exhibition by Alina Slesinska. RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. Till 13 Feb. Daily 10-5 (excl. Suns).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Paintings by Fontana, Crippa, Dova, Clemente, from the Damiano Collection. Until 14 February. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Photographs by Charles Damiano. Until 14 February.

WOOLLANDS of Knightsbridge in conjunction with Conran Fabrics Ltd., present in their Modern Interiors from 2 to 14 February a stimulating Exhibition of new designs in furnishing fabrics by Timo Sarpaneva, the famous Finnish architect.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: 'Pictures for Schools Exhibition,' organised by the Society for Education through Art. 1-21 Feb. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings on View. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

SPRING is on the way. Thoughts turn to decoration and pictures. Hogarth Gallery 16a Hogarth Place, Earls Court, SW5. Close to Earls Court Station. Open all day Saturday. Tel. FRE. 3328.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. South African Painters in Europe—Andrzej Kuhn. 2-21 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

EVERYMAN, Hampstead. Until 1 March. Paintings by Daphne Reynolds.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Exhibitions of paintings by Elinor Bellingham-Smith and Michael Michaelides 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Theodor Werner—Paintings: Woty—Tapestries. First Exhibition in England. Closes Feb. 14. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

PETER Thompson: Recent ink paintings. 3-28 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

ZWEMMER'S Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Drawings Nigel Lambourne, Paintings Margaret Souttar. Until 27 Feb.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Adrian Heath—Paintings. Hans Reichel—Watercolours. Until 13 February. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 15 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs 10-8. Adm. 1s.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Has your organisation elected a delegate yet to
BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP
Annual Conference?
Church House, Westminster, SW1.
Saturday, 7 March, 1959.
10 a.m.–5 p.m.

Universities & Left Review Club
JOHN HUGHES: 'WAGES, PRICES & PROFITS'
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 9 Feb. 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s. ULR Study Group: Hist. of Socialism. Eric Hobsbawm on 'Marx', LBC, 7 Carlisle St, 8 Feb. 7.30.
ULR St Valentine's Dance-Social-Comedy-Bar. Book date 13 Feb. 7.30. 'Prince of Wales', 150 Drury Lane, WC2. 3s. 6d. Mems. 2s. 6d.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 13 Feb. Brian Abel-Smith, 'State and Parent'. Tonight 6 Feb. Nigel Calder, 'Science and People' (School Students only). 5.45. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d. (members free).

G. D. H. COLE Memorial Meeting, Wed. 11 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster (opp. St James's Park tube station). Harold Clay, Hugh Gaitskell, R. L. Marshall, Kingsley Martin, Jack Tanner, and R. H. Tawney will speak: Chairman, Eirene White.

MENTAL Health Bill Emergency Conference. Speakers: Mr Norman Dodds, MP, Dr Donald Johnson, MP, Dr Bruce Cardew (Medical Practitioners' Union), Mr R. K. George and Mr. Frank Haskell (witnesses of the NCCL before the Royal Commission). Chairman: Malcolm B. Purdie. Saturday, 7 February, Caxton Hall, 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m. and 6 p.m.-8 p.m. Tickets: members 1s., visitors 2s. 6d., delegates 2s 6d. Org. by the National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Rd, SW6.

CENTRAL London/Fabian Society, Wed. 11 February, 'Some Aspects of Industrial Development in Yugoslavia', Miss Nancy Sears, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Soc. O. R. MacGregor: Robert Owen—Social Innovator. 42a Westbere Rd, NW6. Sat. 14 Feb. 2.45.

DR & Mrs J. Chinnery spent 'The Year of the Big Leap' in China and will speak Sun., 8 Feb., at 8 p.m. at 118 Finchley Rd (opp. Finchley Rd Stn). BCFA.

'CHINA'S Communes'. Eye - witness account by Ella Winter (Journalist), G. C. T. Giles (Educationist), Betty Giles (Housewife). Family Life, Wages, Militia—your questions answered. Wednesday, 11 February, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Admission free. Arranged by: Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

SUFI Society: Thursday 12 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn Tube Station. Sufism in Modern world and Sufi Music. Inf. 41 Pembridge Rd, W11. PARk 9356 (2-9 p.m.).

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HALDANE Society. Conference on Laws against Race Discrimination. Main report by Neil Lawson QC. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, this Sat., 7 Feb., 2 p.m. Visitors' tickets at door.

EUROPE House in conjunction with London University is holding a Public Lecture entitled 'The Interdependence of Britain and Europe: Trade Unions', given by Sir Vincent Tewson, CBE, MC. Chairman: Mr Robert Willis, at Europe House, 161 Fleet Street, EC4, on Wed. 11 February at 6.30 p.m. All are cordially welcome.

YOUNG Communists Open Discussion Meeting, 13 Feb., Holborn Hall, 7.30 p.m., 'Science and Politics', speaker Dr S. Lilley.

JUVENILE Courts: Alternative Systems Abroad. Speakers from Scandinavia, US, Belgium, Holland. Wed. 11 Feb. 7.30 p.m. St George's Hall, Bourdon Street, W1. 2s. Enquiries: ISTD. May. 3472.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Arthur Mizener: 'J. D. Salinger', Tuesday, 10 February, 6.30 p.m. Members 1s. 6d, Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Kitty Graham —Personal choice. Jazz Vocalists by Benny Green. Wednesday, 11 February, 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 6 Feb. 8 p.m. Hugh McLean (Harvard): 'Leskov'. Fri. 13 Feb. 8 p.m. Michael Kullman: 'Revelation of Man in Pasternak's 'Dr Zhivago'.' Tues. 10 Feb 8 p.m. at 46 Ladbroke Grove, Alexandra Wexler: 'Dostoevsky & Dickens' (in Russian).

PROFIT is without Honour—a joint debate with the London Junior Chamber of Commerce. The New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam Street, W1, 8 p.m., Wed., 11 Feb.

WATFORD Branch Progressive League, Thursday 12 Feb. 7.45 p.m., at the Cookery Nook, 93 The Parade, Watford: Mr E. Hemsted on 'World Populations in the Next 50 Years'. Train met 7.38 Watford Junction (leaves Euston 7.7).

THE Linguists' Club. 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1 14 February, at 6 p.m. Señor P. Parrilla: Don Juan.

LECTURES in Esperanto every Fri. evening. Fred Tallant Hall, 153 Drummond St, NW1, 7 p.m. Open 6 to 10. Light refreshts. Programme fr. BEA, 140 Holland Park Ave, W11. (s.a.e.)

7-YEAR Plan of USSR explained by G. Kuznetsov at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq. W8, Thurs., 12 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sunday, 8 Feb. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Antony Bates, 'The Grail'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 8 February, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'An Historical View of Moral Education'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 8 Feb., 8 p.m. 'Letters That Have Helped Me.' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

LONDON Esperanto Club, 153 Drummond St, NW1, every Friday evg 6 to 10. Novaj kaj malnovaj geamikoj bonvenaj.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Wed. 11 Feb., 6.30 sharp: 'Failure.' T. M. Harris. Also Saturday Group, 14 Feb., 3 p.m.; readings, discussion, tea. Open to all—bring your friends! Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in West. Information TAT. 1313.

GRODDECK'S Wisdom: its Practical Guidance', Oscar Kollerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, 9 February, 8.15 p.m.

SIR Edward Brampton, Governor of Guernsey, and Richard Duke of York'—a talk by Cecil Roth, MA, FR Hist.S, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Wed. 11 Feb, 8 p.m. Details from: Hon. Secy, Fellowship of the White Boar, Miss I. Wigram, 39 Lennox Gdns, London, SW1.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 8 Feb. W. E. Swinton, PhD, 'Fact and Fantasy in Science'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 10 Feb. Avro Manhattan, 'Of Ants and Collectivism'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'RACE Relations,' Fabian Weekend School, Dorking, 20-22 Feb. Details from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

THE University of Birmingham will offer a one-year Graduate course in Social Work within the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, commencing in October 1959. This course will lead to the Graduate Diploma in Social Work and is intended to provide a professional education and qualification for candidates desiring to practice in any branch of social casework. Applicants should hold a degree or postgraduate qualification in the social sciences, but special arrangements may be made in the case of those who hold only certificates or diplomas. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Birmingham, Birmingham, 15.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar': Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Crses. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

UNISCHOL Tutorial College—the Specialists in Maths & Science. Unequalled tuition at all levels up to Univ. Degree. Spacious well-eqppd laboratories. 2 mins Finsbury Pk Tube. 308 Seven Sisters Rd, N4.

FRENCH Conversation. Beginners' Courses, Discussion Groups. Private Lessons. Lunch-hour Classes. Correspondence Courses (All Grades). GCE (London & Oxford) Full-time Day Courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opposite Garrick Theatre). TRAfalgar 2044.

TUITION in stress-free movement, posture and relaxation. The 'Re-education Centre', 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under direction of Lois Caink & Donald Grant. Interview-demonstration without fee.

SELF-expression on the piano. Voice training. Musical knowledge unnecessary. David Hadda, LRAM. GLA. 8358.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Beginners welcome. Tel. WIL. 6025.

PAINTING, a basic course in colours. Beginners and advanced. HAM. 4780.

## EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE DAVIDSON CLINIC SUMMER SCHOOL

Wednesday, 22 July to Tuesday 28 July, inclusive. Subject: THE NEED TO FALL ILL: A PSYCHOSOMATIC APPROACH. A Course of lectures open to all but designed particularly for those interested in the psycho-dynamic approach in the Social, Educational, Medical, Psychiatric and Religious fields. Speakers: Dr L. Stein and Miss Mary Williams of The Tavistock Clinic, London, Dr David Campbell of the Davidson Clinic, Glasgow, Dr Rushforth, Dr Jean Biggar and members of the staff of the Davidson Clinic Edinburgh.

Full details from The Secretary, 58 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh. Telephone: 45550, Edinburgh.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS
continued on page 203

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

*50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)*
*By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.: N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.*
*By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.;*
*USA: $9 (surface), $19 (air)*

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d.